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Bellefonte Republican.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, Oct. 2, 1893.

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great?"

Well may this question be asked concerning the man who at this moment thinketh himself an American Cæsar, and whose dreams are doubtless filled with pictures of his future greatness and power. The most autocratic royalty of Europe is not surrounded with more rigid exclusiveness than Mr. Cleveland now cloaks his most august presence with. He deems it beneath the dignity of the American Cæsar to touch the hands of plebians; therefore he has abolished the long established custom of holding public receptions in the White House. Being applauded by the Fitzneedle press for that step towards royalty he has now gone further and issued a ukase that no person, excepting members of his cabinet shall be admitted to his presence until they shall have stated their business to his private secretary and secured the consent of that functionary. Think of a dignified justice of the Supreme Court, a Senator, or Representative who was prominent before Grover Cleveland was heard of outside the circle of his Buffalo chums having to state the nature of his business to Mr. Thurber and get his approval before being allowed to enter the office of the President. Could flunkeyism go farther under a republican form of government? Some people say that this sudden exclusiveness on the part of Mr. Cleveland arises from the morbid fear that he is in danger of assassination. Fear is not a thing which Americans are in the habit of attributing to their Presidents, nor is it a quality they admire in any man.

The intense excitement over the bill for the repeal of all Federal supervision of elections, which democrats expected to accompany the debate on the bill in the House and relied upon to unite the factions of their demoralized party, has not materialized, owing to the good sense of the republican leaders in the House, who wisely decline to assist the democrats to "get together," contenting themselves with opposing the bill upon high legal and constitutional grounds, and taking advantage of the debate to visit the World's Fair.

Senator Chandler made one of his slashing speeches—he isn't an orator, but he is an almighty plain talker—in favor of his resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for his authority for appointing the Fairchild commission, now engaged in an alleged investigation of the Appraiser's office of the port of New York. After showing that the appointment of this commission, as well as numerous other acts of the administration, was unconstitutional Mr. Chandler remarked that it was entirely fitting that its members should receive their pay—$10 a day and expenses—from what is known as the "fraud fund" of the Treasury.

The truce in the Senate over the Vorhees bill is to be continued under the present arrangement—seven hours talk a day—for another week, unless a compromise is sooner reached. Nearly everybody has now settled down to the belief that it must be compromise or nothing, and if the compromise isn't reached by the 15th of this month it will be nothing, as it is regarded as probable that Congress will take a short recess about that time.

No legislative body was ever more sensitive to anything having the appearance of outside dictation or even interference than the U. S. Senate. Even if the proposition of Mr. Wharton Barker, which has been endorsed by many prominent Pennsylvania business men to make a combine, between the friends of silver and those of protection, met with the approval of any considerable number of Senators, which it does not, the manner in which it has been brought to the attention of the Senate would almost certainly have been fatal to its prospects of adoption. Mr. Barker is a man of wide political experience and it is surprising that he did not proceed differently. Had the proposition come from some Senator first and then been endorsed by the Pennsylvanians Mr. Barker's trip to Washington might have had a different result, although the chances were against his proposition anyway.

A poor crazy man was arrested in the White House the other day and ever since those who justify the employment of private detectives to protect the President have been "filling up" gullible newspaper correspondents with the details of the narrow escape of the President and the bloodthirstyness of the would be assassin. Its all poppy-cock; a poor devil who is half witted walked into the White House, and because of his rambling talk was arrested. He had no weapon of any kind and could not possibly have hurt anybody had he been so inclined.

The party whip is being brought into use to force democratic Senators into voting to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Alen to be ambassador to Italy, notwithstanding the general belief of the charge that he bought the nomination with his $50,000 contribution to the Cleveland campaign fund.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

Up the State they are beginning to speak of Don Cameron's free-coinage speech as an improved coffin nail.—Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

We do not know what the *Inquirer* means by "up the state," but we do know that there is no such general sentiment here in the centre of the state. The Philadelphia papers seem to have the idea that they alone represent the sentiment of the whole people? when it is possible that they do not know what they are talking about; and we will venture the opinion that they do not know anything about it, more than we do, and that is very little. The sentiment of this state upon the money question has never been fairly drawn out. It has never been an issue befor the people, and when it is, and the verdict of the people is expressed, these city papers may find out that they did not know so much about what the people think and want as they thought they did. Senator Cameron has now, and always had, many friends in Centre county. It is hardly possible that these men will turn from him without weighing well the position he has taken. We believe that the sentiment of the people of the whole state taken together is in favor of bimetalism. That the republicans have no confidence that Cleveland will do anything in favor of a double standard of money, if the scheme of unconditional repeal of the Sherman law passes the senate. That the cry of "repeal the present law and then do something for silver" is a trick to clear from the statute books every vestige of law sustaining silver as a money metal. That the so called silver states have a right to have their interest consulted; that they have a right to be protected. That they are republican states and we shall need their help to prevent other pernicious legislation much more vitaly affecting the interest of the people than the repeal of the silver law; that the Sherman law has no relation whatever to the cause of our present business distress. That the threatened destruction of our excellent protection legislation is the whole and entire cause of all our financial troubles. That there was no need of an extra session of Congress to repeal the Sherman law and, if Harrison had been re-elected, no such extra session would have been necessary or thought of. That our business prosperity would have continued right on; that there would have been no panic; that the republican party is not interested in dragging the democratic party out of the slough of despond into which they have fallen; that neither the interest of the people, their duty as law makers or patriotism demands the sacrifice; that it is just as dishonest to appreciate the value of the dollar in the interest of the money class as it is to depreciate it in the interest of the creditor class; that therefore the howl about an "honest dollar" is a farce and deception; that the establishment of a gold standard would increase the value of a dollar and reduce in number of dollars, the price of ever farm, all products, all kinds of real and personal property, and the laborers' wages to fifty cents a day; that it is easier at present prices to save something out of one dollar and forty cents a day for wages than it would at lower prices out of fifty cents. That such a condition would put the poor in a perpetual state of poverity. That ninty-nine one-hundredths of our people would be made worse off by such a state of affairs. That all business and every merchant in the county would suffer. That poverty would spread its gaunt arms everywhere, paralyzing every industry, destroying the value of every species of property, our railroads our banks, farms, houses, mills, furnaces, etc, and in fact everything that its withering touch could reach. The people have begun to think about this matter and to express themselves as they never did before; they are beginning to see that there are two sides at least to this question. Some republicans, at least, are beginning to distrust those public teachers who have more words of praise for the democratic gold bug, Cleveland, than they have for patriotic republican leaders of life long devotion to the principles of our party and love for the interest of our common country. Senator Cameron has performed in the past a service for his state which can not be fogrotten or lightly thought of, and his friends will require some better reason for discarding him than that he is a friend to some of his companions in the Senate who hold opposite and conflicting views. The reasons for his present position he has given and the republicans of Pennsylvania will decide whether he is right when he says his "state will stand by him" and not the papers of our large cities.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

THE ELECTION LAW.

The discussion in the House, and all the shop-worn untruths about the execution of the election laws, will not obscure the essential facts in the controversy. The first is that the United States election law is absolutely the only safeguard which the people have had for their right of suffrage in many of the States. The knowledge that it could at any time be enforced, if there should seem to be a necessity, has prevented a deluge of such infamies as those by which the people have been deprived of their rights year after year in New York, Jersey City and other points. In spite of every effort to enforce the statutes crime and fraud have nevertheless enabled the Democratic party to steal several Northern States to which it had not even the shadow of a claim, and its purpose in repealing the law with regard to these and other Northern States is plain to every man of ordinary sense.

Another fact known to all is that the law as it stands is entirely powerless to prevent fraud, unless supported by a strong body of known and respected citizens. Wherever good citizens have declared that the enforcement of the law was necessary, it has often prevented a vast amount of rascality and crime. But throughout the South the willingness of citizens otherwise considered decent and respectable to permit any and every crime for the sake of the Democratic party has rendered the execution of the law almost impossible.

Should a different division of parties arise, however, such as is now threatened by the Populist movement, there would be found arrayed against the Democratic party so strong a body of white citizens that the law might be enforced far enough to secure honest elections in many localities. The existing law would then unquestionably be invoked by many respectable men, who would stand ready to uphold it unflinchingly against the trained rascals who have manufactured Democratic victories in that section without regard to the votes cast. When Mr. Weaver, the late candidate of the Populists, attempted years ago to organize an opposition to the Democrats in Southern States he was forced to return to his home humiliated, and passionately protesting against the systematic crime of the Democratic party. Now that there is a chance of such a division that honest voters may cast their votes and have them counted, if they can claim protection under the United States laws, the Democratic party is ready to perpetrate any outrage in Congress in order to have the law repealed.

The blow is aimed at the Populists in the South and at the Republicans in Northern States. How serious the defaction from the Democratic party might become if revolters could hope to have their votes honestly counted no one can say. But it is evident that the Democrats of the South are greatly frightened, or they would not act so desperately. The crime of the Democratic party is not against Republicans alone, nor against Populists alone. It is a crime against every honest citizen who desires a fair election, and it is to the lasting shame of Southern and Northern Democrats that they uphold and wish to continue and multiply the infamous deeds by which that party has so often prevailed in some of the States.

The Populists have helped the Democrats to a National victory. The question now is whether they will lie down and submit to be swindled out of any chance of success in the future. As for the Republicans, their duty is to resist the attempt to repeal the election laws with all the power they have, whether any one else has the manhood to do so or not.

A PLEA FOR FAIR PLAY.

The claims of the American sugar industry were strongly presented before the Ways and Means Committee yesterday. Mr. Henry T. Oxnard, of Nebraska, Mr. T. C. Cutler, of Utah, Mr. E. P. Fowler of California, Professor W. C. Stubbs, of Louisiana and several others protested against the repeal of the sugar bounty clause of the McKinley tariff as an act of bad faith and a wanton sacrifice of important American interests. The arguments advanced by these gentlemen are unanswerable. They prove conclusively that all that is needed to assure the prosperity and rapid development of the American sugar industry, particularly in the West, is the assurance that the present protection will be maintained.

Mr. Gerrit Smith Glenn has called attention to the following instructive and important facts in regard to a large beet sugar factory at Chino, Cal. They will serve as an example of what is possible under continued protection to American sugar. This factory, built at a cost of more than $1,000,000, was commenced in the fall of 1890, after the passage of the McKinley Tariff act. It began operations August 15 of that year. It will work this year about 6,000 acres of land.

At $5, the price per ton delivered at the factory, paid to farmers, it will pay them in round numbers $450,000, equal to about $75 per acre for their crop. The total output of the factory this season will be about 9,000 tons, worth at the factory, including the government bounty of 1¾ cents per pound on 80 per cent. sugar, about $100 per ton, or $900,000. The population of the five great States of the Pacific slope in 1890 was 2,001,000—not more than in the State of New York west of the city of Utica. The product of such a factory located in the Eastern States almost anywhere would be consumed within a radius of 100 miles.

The consumption of sugar annually in the United States, largely of foreign importation, is now about equal to 4,480,000,000 pounds. To make this it would require about 250 factories with a capacity equal to that of the Chino factory. The United States paid last year $106,000,000 in gold for foreign sugar, and, although it contains only one-sixteenth of the population of the globe, it consumes one-third of all the sugar made.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated that a strip of country 200 to 300 miles wide across the conttnent, having for its center line the latitudes of Boston, Chicago and San Francisco, is as well adapted in all respects as any portions of the Old World for the culture of the sugar beet. In the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, the United States paid in bounties, to domestic producers of sugar $9,375,157, largely to planters of Louisiana, Texas and Florida, equal to about 7 cents per capita for our population.

Under the protective policy of raising revenue this bounty came largely from duties on competitive articles of manufacture. It is urged by the Democratic party that the bounty be abolished and a duty put upon every pound of foreign sugar that is imported. This means an increase in the price of sugar to every consumer. Such juggling with the tariff relating to sugar is on a par with Democratic tariff tinkering all along the line. It is at once supremely foolish and supremely unpatriotic. If it is persisted in it will result in the curtailment of our home industries, and in placing a heavy and wholly unnecessary burden upon our own people.

SOUTHERN EDITORS.

Governor MacCorkle of West Virginia is catching particular fits from the Democratic press of his State and the South generally. The hide-bound editors who are attacking him on the ground of selfishness in his desire to protect any special industries of his State, forget that they themselves are enjoying the fruits of Protection in using protected paper, protected ink, protected type and protected presses, all of which they have been able to buy, under Protection, cheaper than they could in the old Free-Trade times. Why should not the coal miners of West Virginia be protected equally with the Free-Trade editors. The trouble is that these same editors imagine that they reflect the opinions of the people and ignore the strong sentiment in favor of Protection that is growing in all the Southern States. The mean selfishness of the Southern editors, themselves enjoying the fruits of Protection, in trying to prohibit their neighbors from receiving similar benefits, is a grab-all kind of sentiment that fortunately only exists among a certain set of the Southern section of the press.

HELPLESS, INCOMPETENT IMBECILE.

Even the New York World, which has had the impertinance to lecture Republican leaders for not forcing the Silver Repeal bill through a Democratic Senate, in a lucid interval yesterday places the responsibility exactly where it belongs.

The responsibility for this apparently hopeless and quite possibly dangerous state of affairs rests upon the twenty Democratic Senators from the South, who, in chasing the chimera of free coinage, are willing to render the Senate imbecile and helpless, to defeat their party, to discredit their Administration and to abandon all hope of securing any of the reforms which the people have commissioned the Democratic party to execute.

And so it will ever be with a party which depends on corruption, fraud and intimidation for its majorities, and on falsehoods and misrepresentation for its so-called platform of principles. In the face of the present critical condition of the country the Democratic party, with an absolute majority in both Houses and the executive branches of the government, stands, as the World truthfully remarks, helpless, incompetent, imbecile.

—On Wednesday, Sept 27, George W. Roesman was married to Miss Annie M. Shuey, at the home of the groom's father near Pine Grove Mills. Rev. Charles F. Aikens, pastor of the Lutheran church at that place, performed the ceremony.

LABOR COST.

The free trade journals are fond of insisting that the cost of labor in manufacturing processes is usually far less than is claimed by the manufacturers. Their method of trying to sustain this assertion is to count only the cost of labor expended in bringing to perfection a product already partly finished. The cost of weaving a piece of cloth is declared to be the cost of the labor applied by the manufacturer who owns the loom. But, obviously, no correct estimate of labor cost in any case can be made unless account shall be taken of every instance in which labor is employed in promoting the work of fabrication. When a manufacturer buys yarn which he shall put upon the loom to be woven, the price he pays for the yarn is chiefly labor cost. When a manufacturer of boilers purchases boiler plates, the labor cost of the complete boiler includes the cost of the labor expended in all the operations required for the production of the plates which are his raw material.

Take a single example: If sheep should herd themselves, and if they shed their wool without aid from man, as the domestic hen lays an egg; and if the wool could bale itself automatically and roll to market, wool would be a much cheaper commodity than it is. But the price of wool represents herding, feeding, shearing, baling, hauling and transportation, all of which require human effort and must be paid for. The mill to which it is taken cost money to build, and this expenditure actually enters into the labor cost of manufacture. The machinery stands for money paid to labor, and this outlay reaches back to the ore bank and the forest which supplied the wool and the iron. The soap with which the wool is scoured represents labor. Every subsequent operation adds to the value of the wool solely because labor is expended upon it. When the raw wool comes out of the scouring liquor, nothing is added to it but labor until the cloth is ready for the dye vat, and the value of the dyestuffs then used is value given by labor.

This is true practically of all the processes in all the industries, so that it may be laid down as a broad, general rule that almost the whole of any value possessed by a manufactured article is imposed upon it by the wages that have been paid from first to last, from the production of the raw material to the final sale of the article to the consumer. It is probably not an unfair estimate that from 90 to 95 per cent. of all such values are produced by labor cost. Insurance, taxes and a small profit for the manufacturing owner (which profit, indeed, may be regarded as pay for his labor) are really the only cost which are not created by the demand for compensation for human effort.

Now, as all labor is paid for in this country at higher prices than obtain in Europe, it is clear enough that, if this practice is to continue, protection must be given in sufficient measure to cover the difference all along the line. It is useless to argue that American workmen get higher wages because they are more efficient than Eureopean workmen. The European that comes here and enters a mill at once gets higher wages than he would earn at home. Obviously, where a European operates the same kind of loom that an American operates, both looms being run by steam at the same speed, one cannot produce larger results than the other. The cheaper labor will make the lower price. Besides, it is not true that the highest skill necessarily commands the highest price. The French artisan is the most dexterous workman in the world, but the American earns more money and lives better. He does so, because that is the rule in this country, and the protective system has made the rule. Reduce the measure of protection and the wages must go down. The process of reduction has already begun. The Democrats in Congress promise that it shall continue; but it may be hoped that the victims of their effort will make themselves heard at the polls in such a manner that the system which makes wages high will be fully restored.

The republicans of Pennsylvania have a good ticket in the field worthy the support of every citizen. The republicans of Centre county also have an excellent ticket against a single member of whom no charge of unfitness can be brought all men of character and worth a large vote for the state and county ticket means more than usual notwithstanding this is an off year for the result will be interpreted as an endorsement or disapproval of the conditions that have wrought such disaster to the business of the whole country. Every farmer every workingman should record his verdict and if the vote for their interest they will vote the whole state and county ticket as nominated by the republican conventions.

—Died at her home in Moshanon on Monday, Sept 18, at 9 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Ellen Tubridge, widow of Thomas Tubridge, aged about 64 years. She had been in feeble health for some time. She leaves two sons and four daughters to mourn the death of a beloved mother. The funeral services were held in the Roman Catholic church at Snow Shoe.

FOR PROTECTION AND BIMETALLISM.

Many of the most eminent manufacturers in Philadelphia, all of them staunch Republicans, have prepared an address to the Senate asking that the silver question shall be compromised and that the movement of the Democrats against the protective tariff shall be summarily checked. The significance of this utterance cannot be overestimated when the character, standing and influence of the signers are considered. The address demonstrates that there is in Philadelphia, as we believe there is in every other American community, a great body of substantial reasonable and patriotic business men who are not represented by the Republican newspapers which clamor against bimetallism or by Republican members of Congress who regard it as their duty to "strengthen the hands of Mr. Cleveland."

These manufacturers assume to know, much better than lawyers and politicians, why their mills are closed and the working people are idle and hungry. They repudiate the proposition, urged by Mr. Cleveland and his backers, that the depression of industry is the consequence of the purchase of silver. They urge with vigor and with not unnatural intensity of feeling that disaster has fallen because the protective system, under shelter of which they have so long conducted their operations, is threatened with overthrow by the Democratic party. They fully realize the truth so often expressed in the columns of this journal, that the interests of our fellow citizens in the West are identical with our interests. While they demand that their own industries shall not be destroyed by British free trade they require, with equal strenuousness, that the industry of the farmer, the herder, the planter and the miner shall not be destroyed by British gold monometallism.

The signers of this document are well aware that the Republican party can have small hope of victory in the future, and that protection for American manufacturers can rest upon no staple basis if the Republicans of the West shall be alienated from the party, either by hostile legislation sustained by Republican votes or by the indifference to Western interests of Republican Congressmen who represent constituencies on the Atlantic seaboard. In truth, the time has come when the party must place itself upon some such platform as this or encounter grave peril of disintegration. It was a mighty triumph for Mr. Cleveland that he should have indeed no small number of Republican politicians and journalists to follow his leadership. But he will win a far greater victory, which will fill him with rejoicing, if he can tear the party asunder over this vital question.

The basis or conpromise of the silver question proposed by the address to which we have referred has already been suggested in the columns of The Republican It is that American silver shall be admitted to coinage upon payment by the owners of three-fourths of the difference between the bullion value and the coinage value; that foreign silver shall be coined at our mints upon payment of the whole of that difference. We do not undertake to give unqualified approval to this project. It is simply presented for discussion. One thing may be said about it, however. It makes such discrimination against imported silver as would wholly exclude it from American coinage. Furthermore, it offers no advantage to the silver miner which is not shared by the whole body of the people. At the very worst, here is a plan presented for consideration which will satisfy neither party, but which may be accepted by both, perhaps with modifications, so that the uproar over silver may be permitted to subside. Here is a method, also, by means of which the entire Republican party strength in the Senate may be concentrated against tariff changes in such a way as to insure the defeat of any radical measure that may be passed by the House of Representatives. A matter of vastly more importance than the silver question which should never have been raised and would not have been if the republicans had remained in power.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., October 2, 1893.

G. W. Brown, Mrs. Lana Doyle, Harry Everly, Mary Eckenroth, Jno Grech, Harry McKinley, Chas. Phice, Sabert Ramsey, W. E. Smith & Co, Miss Mary Rame, Jno. Sizer.

When called for please say advertised

J. A. Fiedler, P. M.

Waring's Peril.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

And the card, black bordered, handed into the phaeton, bore a name which blanched Waring's face:

M. Philippe Lascelles,

N'lle Orleans.

"Why, what is it, Waring?" asked Cram, anxiously, bending down from his saddle.

For a moment Waring was silent. Mrs. Cram felt her own hand trembling.

"Can you turn the battery over to Ferry and come with me?" asked the lieutenant.

"Certainly. Bugler, report to Lieut. Ferry and tell him I shall have to be absent for awhile. Drive on, Nell."

When, five minutes later, Waring was assisted up the stairway, Cram towering on his right, the little party came upon a group of strangers—three gentlemen, one of whom stepped courteously forward, raising his hat in a black-gloved hand. He was of medium height, slender, erect and soldierly in bearing; his face was dark and oval, his eyes large, deep and full of light. He spoke mainly in English, but with marked accent, and the voice was soft and melodious.

"I fear I have intrude. Have I the honor to address Lieut. Waring? I am Philippe Lascelles."

For a moment Waring was too amazed to speak. At last, with brightening face and holding forth his hand, he said:

"I am most glad to meet you—to know that it was not you who drove down with us that night."

"Alas, no! I left Armand but that very morning, returning to Havana, thence going to Santiago. It was not until five days ago the news reached me. It is of that stranger I come to ask."

It was an odd council gathered there in Waring's room in the old barracks that April morning while Ferry was drilling the battery to his heart's content and the infantry companies were wearily going over the manual or bayonet exercise. Old Brax had been sent for, and came. M. Lascelles' friends, both, like himself, soldiers of the south, were presented, and for their information Waring's story was again told, with only most delicate allusion to certain incidents which might be considered as reflecting on the character and dignity of the elder brother. And then Philippe told his. True, there had been certain transactions between Armand and himself. He had fully trusted his brother, a man of affairs, with the management of the little inheritance which he, a soldier, had no idea how to handle, and Armand's business had suffered greatly by the war. It was touching to see how in every word the younger strove to conceal the fact that the elder had misapplied the securities and had been practically faithless to his trust. Everything, he declared, had been finally settled as between them that very morning before his return to Havana. Armand had brought to him early all papers remaing in his possession and had paid him what was justly due. He knew, however, that Armand was now greatly embarrassed in his affairs. They had parted with fond embrace, the most affectionate of brothers. But Philippe had been seeing and hearing enough to make him gravely apprehensive as to Armand's future, to know that his business was rapidly going down-hill, that he had been raising money in various ways, speculating, and had fallen into the hands of sharpers, and yet Armand would not admit it, would not consent to accept help or to use his younger brother's property in any way. "The lawyer," said Philippe, "informed me that Beau Rivage was heavily mortgaged, and it is feared that there will be nothing left for madame and Nin Nin, though, for that matter, they shall never want." What he had also urged, and he spoke with reluctance here, and owned it only because the detectives told him it was now well known, was that Armand had of late been playing the role of galant homme, and that the woman in the case had fled. Of all this he felt, he said, bound to speak fully, because in coming here with his witnesses to meet Lieut. Waring and his friends he had two objects in view. The first was to admit that he had accepted as fact the published reports that Lieut. Waring was probably his brother's slayer; had hastened back to New Orleans to demand justice or obtain revenge; had here learned from the lawyers and police that there were other and much more probable theories, having heard only one of which he had cried: "Enough," and had come to pray the forgiveness of Mr. Waring for having believed an officer and a gentleman guilty of so foul a crime. Second, he had come to invoke his aid in running down the murderer. Philippe was affected almost to tears.

"There is one question I must beg to ask monsieur," said Waring, as the two clasped hands. "Is there not still a member of your family who entertains the idea that it was I who killed Armand Lascelles?"

And Philippe was deeply embarrassed.

"Ah, monsieur," he answered, "I could not venture to intrude myself upon a grief so sacred. I have not seen madame, and who is there who could—who would—tell her of Armand's—" And Philippe broke off abruptly, with despairing shrug, and outward wave of his slender hand.

"Let us try to see that she never does know," said Waring. "These are the men we need to find: the driver of the cab, the stranger whose name sounded so like yours, a tall, swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed fellow with pointed mustache—"

"C'est lui! c'est bien lui!" exclaimed Lascelles—"the very man who insisted on entering the private office where, Armand and I, we close our affairs that morning. His whispered words make my brother all of pale, and yet he go off humming to himself."

"Oh, we'll nail him," said Cram. "Two of the best detectives in the south are on his trail now."

And then came Ananias with a silver tray, champagne and glasses (from Mrs. Cram), and the conference went on another hour before the guests went off.

"Bless my soul!" said Brax, whose diameter seemed in no wise increased by the quart of Roederer he had swallowed with such gusto—"bless my soul! and to think I believed that we were going to have a duel with some of those fellows a fortnight or so ago!"

Then entered "Pills" and ordered Waring back to bed. He was sleeping placidly when, late that evening, Reynolds and Cram came tearing up the stairway, full of great news; but the doctor said not to wake him.

Meantime, how fared it with that bruised reed, the lone widow of the late Lieut. Doyle? Poor old Jim had been laid away with military honors under the flag at Chalmette, and his faithful Bridget was spending the days in the public calaboose. Drunk and disorderly was the charge on which she had been arraigned, and, though she declared herself abundantly able to pay her fine twice over, Mr. Pepper had warned the authorities to keep her under lock and key and out of liquor, as her testimony would be of vital importance, if for nothing better than to send her up for perjury. Now she was alternately wheedling, cursing, coaxing, bribing; all to no purpose. The agent of the Lemaitre property had swooped down on the dove cot and found a beggarly array of empty bottles and a good deal of discarded feminine gear scattered about on both floors. One room in which certain detectives were vastly interested contained the unsavory relics of a late supper. Three or four empty champagne bottles, some shattered glasses, and, what seemed most to attract them, various stubs of partially consumed cigarettes, lay about the tables and floor. Adjoining this was the chamber which had been known as Mrs. Dawson's, and this, too, had been thoroughly explored. 'Louette, who had disappeared after Doyle's tragic death, was found not far away, and the police thought it but fair that Mrs. Doyle should not be deprived of the services of her maid. Then came other additions, though confined in other sections of the city. Mr. Pepper wired that the party known as M. Philippes had been run to earth and would reach town with him by train about the same time that another of the force returned from Mobile by boat, bringing a young man known as Dawson and wanted as a deserter, and a very sprightly young lady who appeared to move in a higher sphere of life, but was unquestionably his wife, for the officer could prove their marriage in South Carolina in the spring of '65. As Mr. Pepper expressed it when he reported to Reynolds: "It's almost a full hand, but, for a fact, it's only a bobtail flush. We need that cabman to fill."

"How did you trace Philippes?" asked Reynolds.

"Him? Oh, he was too darned musical. It was—what do you call it?—Flure de Tay that did for him. Why, he's the fellow that raised all the money and most of the h—ll for this old man Lascelles. He'd been sharping him for years."

"WHY, WHAT IS IT, WARING?"

"Well, when can we bring this thing to a head?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"Poco tiempo! by Saturday, I reckon." But it came sooner.

Waring was seated one lovely evening in a low reclining chair on Mrs. Cram's broad gallery, sipping contentedly at the fragrant tea she had handed him. The band was playing, and a number of children were chasing about in noisy glee. The men were at supper, the officers, as a rule, at mess. For several minutes the semi-restored invalid had not spoken a word. In one of his customary day-dreams he had been calmly gazing at the shapely white hand of his hostess, "all queenly with its weight of rings."

"Will you permit me to examine those rings a moment?" he asked.

"Why, certainly. No, you sit still, Mr. Waring," she replied, promptly rising, and, pulling them off her fingers, dropped them into his open palm. With the same dreamy expression on his clear-cut, pallid face, he turned them over and over, held them up to the light, finally selected one exquisite gem, and then, half rising, held forth the others. As she took them and still stood beside his chair as though patiently waiting, he glanced up.

"Oh, beg pardon. You want this, I suppose?" and, handing her the dainty teacup, calmly slipped the ring into his waistcoat-pocket and languidly murmured: "Thanks."

"Well, I like that."

"Yes? So do I, rather better than the others."

"May I ask what you purpose doing with my ring?"

"I was just thinking. I've ordered a new Amidon for Larkin, a new ninety-dollar suit for Ferry, and I shall be decidedly poor this month, even if we recover Merton's watch."

"Oh, well, if it's only to pawn one, why not take a diamond?"

"But it isn't."

"What then, pray?"

"Well, again I was just thinking—whether I could find another to match this up in town, or send this one—to her."

"Mr. Waring! Really?" And now Mrs. Cram's bright eyes are dancing with eagerness and delight.

For all answer, though his own eyes begin to moisten and swim, he draws from an inner pocket a dainty letter, postmarked from a far, far city to the northeast.

"You dear fellow! How can I tell you how glad I am! I haven't dared to ask you of her since we met at Washington, but—oh, my heart has been just full of her since—since this trouble came."

"God bless the trouble! it was that that won her to me at last. I have loved her ever since I first saw her—long years ago."

"Oh! oh! oh! if Ned were only here! I'm wild to tell him. I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes, the moment he comes."

But Ned brought a crowd with him when he got back from town a little later. Reynolds was there, and Philippe Lascelles, and Mr. Pepper, and they had a tale to tell that must needs be condensed.

They had all been present by invitation of the civil authorities at a very dramatic affair during the late afternoon—the final lifting of the veil that hid from public view the "strange, eventful history" of the Lascelles tragedy. Cram was the spokesman by common consent. "With the exception of the Dawsons," said he, "none of the parties implicated knew up to the hour of his or her examination that any one of the others was to appear." Mrs. Dawson, eager to save her own pretty neck, had told her story without reservation. Dawson knew nothing.

The story had been wrung from her piecemeal, but was finally told in full, and in the presence of the officers and civilians indicated. She had married in April, '65, to the scorn of her people, a young Yankee officer attached to the commissary department. She had starved all through the war. She longed for life, luxury, comforts. She had nothing but her beauty, he nothing but his pay. The extravagances of a month swamped him; the drink and desperation for the next ruined him. He maintained her in luxury at the best hotel only a few weeks, then all of his own and much of Uncle Sam's money was gone. Inspection proved him a thief and embezzler. He fled, and she was abandoned to her own resources. She had none but her beauty and a gift of penmanship which covered the many sins of her orthography. She was given a clerkship, but wanted more money, and took it, blackmailing a quartermaster. She imposed on Waring, but he quickly found her out and absolutely refused afterwards to see her at all. She was piqued and angered, "a woman scorned," but not until he joined Battery "X" did opportunity present itself for revenge. She had secured a room under Mrs. Doyle's reputable roof, to be near the barracks, where she could support herself by writing for Mrs. Doyle and blackmailing those whom she lured, and where she could watch *him*, and, to her eager delight, she noted and prepared to make much of his attentions to Mme. Lascelles. Incidentally, too, she might inveigle the susceptible Lascelles himself, on the principle that there's no fool like an old fool. Mrs. Doyle lent herself eagerly to the scheme. The letters began to pass to and fro again. Lascelles was fool enough to answer, and when, all on a sudden, Mrs. Doyle's "long-missing relative," as she called him, turned up, a pensioner on her charity, it was through the united efforts of the two women he got a situation as cab-driver at the stable up at the eastern skirt of the town. Dawson had enlisted to keep from starving, and, though she had no use for him as a husband, he would do to fetch and carry, and he dare not disobey. Twice when Doyle was battery officer of the day did this strangely-assorted pair of women entertain Lascelles at supper and fleece him out of what money he had. Then came Philippes with Lascelles in Mike's cab, as luck would have it, but they could not fleece Philippes. Old Lascelles was rapidly succumbing to Nita's fascinations when came the night of the terrible storm. Mike had got to drinking, and was laid low by the lieutenant. Mike and Bridget both vowed vengeance. But meantime Doyle himself had got wind of something that was going on, and he and his tyrant had a fearful row. He commanded her never to allow a man inside the premises when he was away, and, though brought home drunk that awful night, furiously ordered the Frenchman out, and might have assaulted them had not Bridget lassoed him with a chloroformed towel. That was the last he knew until another day. Lascelles, Philippes and she, Mrs. Dawson, had already drunk a bottle of champagne when interrupted by Doyle's coming. Lascelles was tipsy, had snatched his pistol and fired a shot to frighten Doyle, but had only enraged him, and then he had to run for his cab. He was bundled in and Doyle disposed of. It was only three blocks down to Beau Rivage, and thither Mike drove them in all the storm. She did not know at the time of Waring's being in the cab. In less than fifteen minutes Mike was back and called excitedly for Bridget; had a hurried consultation with her; she seized a waterproof and ran out with him, but darted back and took the bottle of chloroform she had used on her husband, now lying limp and senseless on a sofa below, and then she disappeared. When half an hour passed and Lascelles failed to return with them, bringing certain papers of which he'd been speaking to Philippes, the latter declared there must be something wrong, and went out to reconnoiter despite the storm. He could see nothing. It was after midnight when Mrs. Doyle came rushing in, gasping, all out of breath, "along of the storm," she said. She had been down the levee with Mike to find a cushion and lap-robe he dropped and couldn't afford to lose. They never could have found it at all "but for ould Lascelles lending them a lantern." He wanted Mike to bring down two bottles of champagne he'd left here, but it was storming so that he would not venture again, and Lieut. Waring, she said, was going to spend the night with Lascelles at Beau Rivage; Mike couldn't drive any further down towards the barracks. Lascelles sent word to Philippes that he'd bring up the papers first thing in the morning, if the storm lulled, and Philippes went out indignant at all the time lost, but Mike swore he'd not drive down again for a fortune. So the Frenchman got into the cab and went up with him to town. The moment he was gone Mrs. Doyle declared she was dead tired, used up, and drank huge goblets of the wine, until she reeled off to her room, leaving an apron behind. Then Mrs. Dawson went to her own room, after putting out the lights, and when, two days later, she heard the awful news of the murder, knowing that investigation would follow and she and her sins be brought to light, she fled, for she had enough of his money in her possession, and poor demented Dawson, finding her gone, followed.

Philippes' story corroborated this in every particular. The last he saw of the cab or of the cabman was near the house of the hook and ladder company east of the French market. The driver there said his horse was dead beat and could do no more, so Philippes went into the market, succeeded in getting another cab by paying a big price, slept at Cassidy's, waited all the morning about Lascelles' place, and finally, having to return to the northeast at once, he took the evening train on the Jackson road and never heard of the murder until ten days after. He was amazed at his arrest.

And then came before his examiners a mere physical wreck—the shadow of his former self—caught at the high tide of a career of crime and debauchery, a much less bulky party

SHE DROVE THE KNIFE INTO HIS HEART.

than the truculent Jehu of Mme. Lascelles' cab, yet no less important a witness than the same driver. He was accompanied by a priest. He had been brought hither in an ambulance from the Hotel Dieu, where he had been traced several days before and found almost at death's door. His confession was most important of all. He had struck Lieut. Waring as that officer turned away from Lascelles' gate, intending only to down and then kick and hammer him, but he had struck with a lead-loaded rubber club, and he was horrified to see him drop like one dead. Then he lost his nerve and drove furiously back for Bridget. Together they returned and found Waring lying there as he had left him on the dripping banquette. "You've killed him, Mike. There's only one thing to do," she said; "take his watch and everything valuable he has, and we'll throw him over on the levee." She herself took the knife from his overcoat pocket, lest he should recover suddenly, and then, said the driver, "even as we were bending over him there came a sudden flash of lightning, and there was Lascelles bending over us, demanding to know what it meant. Then like another flash he seemed to realize what was up, sprang back and drew pistol. He had caught us in the act. There was nothing else to do; we both sprang upon him. He fired and hit me, but only in the arm, and before he could pull trigger again we both grappled him. I seized his gun, Bridget his throat, but he screamed and fought like a tiger, then wilted all of a sudden. I was scared and helpless, but she had her wits about her and told me what to do. The lieutenant began to gasp and revive just then, so she soaked the handkerchief in chloroform and placed it over his mouth, and together we lifted him into the cab. Then we raised Lascelles and carried him in and laid him on his sofa, for he had left the door open and the lamps on the table. Bridget had been there before and knew all about the house. We set the pistol back in his hand but couldn't make the fingers grasp it. We ransacked the desk and got what money there was, locked and bolted the doors and climbed out of the side window, under which she dropped the knife among the bushes. 'They'll never suspect us in the world, Mike,' she said. 'It's the lieutenant's knife that did it, and, as he was going to fight him anyhow, he'll get the credit of it all.' Then we drove up the levee, put Waring in Anatole's boat, sculls and all, and shoved him off. 'I'll muzzle Jim,' she said. 'I'll make him believe that 'twas he that did it when he was drunk.' She took most of the money and the watch and ring. She said she could hide them until they'd be needed. Then I drove Philippes up to town until I began to get so sick and faint I could do no more. I turned the cab loose and got away to a house where I knew they'd take care of me, and from there, when my money was gone, they sent me to the hospital, thinking I was dying. I swear to God I never meant to more than get square with the lieutenant. I never struck Lascelles at all; 'twas she who drove the knife into his heart."

Then, exhausted, he was led into an adjoining room, and Mrs. Doyle was marched in, the picture of injured Irish innocence. For ten minutes, with wonderful effrontery and nerve, she denied all personal participation in the crime, and faced her inquisitors with brazen calm. Then the chief quietly turned and signaled. An officer led forward from one side the wreck of a cabman, supported by the priest; a door opened on the other, and, escorted by another policeman, Mrs. Dawson reentered, holding in her hands outstretched a gingham apron on which were two deep stains the shape and size of a long, straight-bladed, two-edged knife. It was the apron that Bridget Doyle had worn that fatal night. One quick, furtive look at that, one glance at her trembling, shaking, cowering kinsman, and, with an Irish howl of despair, a loud wail of "Mike, Mike, you've sworn your sister's life away!" she threw herself upon the floor, tearing madly at her hair. And so ended the mystery of Beau Rivage.

There was silence a moment in Cram's pretty parlor when the captain had finished his story. Waring was the first to speak:

"There is one point I wish they'd clear up."

"What's that?" said Cram.

"Who's got Merton's watch?"

"Oh, by Jove! I quite forgot. It's all right, Waring. Anatole's place was 'pulled' last night, and he had her valuables all done up in a box. 'To pay for his boat,' he said."

* * * * * * *

A quarter of a century has passed away since the scarlet plumes of Light Battery "X" were last seen dancing along the levee below New Orleans. Beau Rivage, old and moss-grown at the close of the war, fell into rapid decline after the tragedy of that April night. Heavily mortgaged, the property passed into other hands, but for years never found a tenant. Far and near the negroes spoke of the homestead as haunted, and none of their race could be induced to set foot within its gates. One night the sentry at the guardhouse saw sudden light on the westward sky, and then a column of flame. Again the fire alarm resounded among the echoing walls of the barracks; but when the soldiers reached the scene, a seething ruin was all that was left of the old southern home. Somebody sent Cram a marked copy of a New Orleans paper, and in their cozy quarters at Fort Hamilton the captain read it aloud to his devoted Nell: "The old house has been vacant, an object of almost superstitious dread to the neighborhood," said the Times, "ever since the tragic death of Armand Lascelles in the spring of 1868. In police annals the affair was remarkable because of the extraordinary chain of circumstantial evidence which for a time seemed to fasten the murder upon an officer of the army then stationed at Jackson barracks, but whose innocence was triumphantly established. Mme. Lascelles, it is understood, is now educating her daughter in Paris, whither she removed immediately after her marriage, a few months ago, to Capt. Philippe Lascelles, formerly of the confederate army, a younger brother of her first husband."

"Well," said Cram, "I'll have to send that to Waring. They're in Vienna by this time, I suppose. Look here, Nell, how was it that when we fellows were fretting about Waring's attentions to madame, you should have been so serenely superior to it all, even when, as I know, the stories reached you?"

"Ah, Ned, I knew a story worth two of those. He was in love with Natalie Maitland all the time."

[THE END.]

A Wonderful Feat.

Two Americans in the employment of the government of British Columbia recently accomplished a feat hitherto deemed impossible by crossing the Selkirk mountains in the depth of winter. The object of the trip was to ascertain if it were possible to lay out a pack and cattle trail over the range from Golden to Kalso. The men traveled one hundred and fifty miles on snowshoes, fifty miles over the wildest mountain country, where glaciers abounded. They found a pass at an altitude of six thousand five hundred feet that is practicable for cattle and pack trains in summer. The thermometer was below zero during most of the trip, which occupied nearly a month.

Always in Mischief.

As every season has its boyish games, so it has also its boyish dangers. Says Mr. Grogan as reported by the Indianapolis Journal: "I see be the papers that the small boys that was gittin' thimselves drownt last summer is now a-fallin' out o' hickory trees an' breakin' their necks."

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Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

DAVID A. WELLS ON REVENUE.

Hon. David A. Wells, who is supposed by many—and especially by Free Traders—to know more of the finances of this country than any other man in it, was some time ago asked by Secretary Carlisle for his "opinion as to the expediency, from a strictly revenue point of view, of maintaining or charging the present internal revenue taxes on distilled spirits malt liquors, and tobacco." This was doubtless in view of the probability of the Government's having to make up in domestic taxation what may be lost by a reduction of the duties on imports.

Mr. Wells has replied at a length of several columns, and his reply is attracting much attention, as it will to a great extent shape the opinions of the financial leaders of the dominant party in Congress In the first place, he would not increase the tax on distilled spirit. That is now as is consistent with good administration. To make it higher would offer too much encouragement to illicit distillation.

But the tax on beer, he thinks, offers a fine field for raising revenue. The tax of $1 a barrel on 32 gallons has never been changed since 1865. In that year it yielded a total revenue of only $3,657,181, while last year it paid $31,962,743. This enormous increase has not not been because of the increase of population. Population has not quite doubled since 1865, while the consumption of beer has increased ninefold. The consumption of beer was only 1.86 gallons per capita in 1863. In the next 10 years it sprang up to 7.16 gallong; in 1883 it was 10.25 gallons, and this year 16,03 gallons for every man, woman and child in the country. The tax on beer is only about 20 per cent., which is less than the average on other articles, while that on whisky is over 300 per cent. There are 496 glasses or half-pints in a barrel, and the present tax is only one-fifth of a cent per glass. The saloon-keeper pays for his beer all the way from $5 to $8 a barrel, and retails it for about $25, so that his profit is enormous. Beer making is regarded as one of the most profitable industries in this country and for this reason English and other foreign capital is being largely invested in our breweries. He therefore recommends that the tax on beer be increased from $1 to $2 a barrel, which will be a direct increase in revenue of $32,000,000. He believes that this could be done "without materially diminishing the profits of the brewers, or wholesale and retail dealers." These latter are likely to dissent very strongly from this view. It is hard to see how any class of manufacturers and sellers can give up $32,000,000 a year without a considerable reduction of their profits, unless they make a much cheaper article, or give less quantity for the money.

Mr. Wells says with much truth that the proportion of saloons to the population shows that beer selling must be a very profitable business, and therefore in position to stand a heavier increase of taxation than would be dared on any other business.

He concedes that possibly a cent on the gallon might be added to the spirit tax, which would bring an additional $1,000,000 a year. This is rendered more feasible by the concentration of the distilling business into the hands of a few great corporations which are easily reached, and which are interested in preventing illicit distillation. Then the "moonshine" district has become greatly diminished in recent years.

Next, Mr. Wells would restore the tax on tobacco to the schedule of 1882, which would increase the revenue from that source $28,000,000 a year. He detends this on the ground that our tobacco tax is much less than that of other Nations, and that, being in the nature of a luxury, the revenue from it is in the nature of a voluntary contribution.

We do not approve of Mr. Well's plan. It is a device to shift the revenue burden from the shoulders of foreigners to those of our own people. Whatever may be thought of the consumption of beer and tobacco, at least the money paid for them stays in the country, while to reduce the duties on imports, is to drain the money from the country. To take the taxes off foreign products and put them on our own seems like criminal folly.

$100 REWARD. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucuous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo., O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

UNCLE SAM OFTEN SLOW PAY.

When John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," died in Tunis, in 1852, the government owed him $209.92 salary as Consul at that place. It has been owing it ever since. Payne's heirs are now trying to get Congress to make an appropriaition to discharge the obligation. If compound interest should be reckoned on the sum for the forty-one years that have elapsed the heirs of the poet would receive a comfortable fortune. However, the bill that has been introduced for their relief only appropriates the amount of the original claim, $209.92, which is not enough to fight over. The government does not allow interest on unclaimed money left in its possession.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

Who shall say that the days of romance are over, or that true Arcadian simplicity has been exiled by the railway and the telegraph? From away down on Ground Hog Creek, in West Virginia, there comes a tale of love and devotion that stirs the blood of the sluggard and carries the mind back to the wooing of John Alden and Priscilla.

Miss Caroline Coats was the belle of Ground Hog Creek. She had a host of suitors, but she fell in love, after the accepted fashion of romantic damsels, with the one poor young man whom both her parents frowned upon. An elopement was planned forthwith, but how should it be carried out? Anything in the gay and glorious style of Lochinvar was out of the question, for the poor young man. Sandy Johnson was so poor that he possessed not even a mule. But he had an abundance of grit; also a spotted steer that he had raised from a calf and trained to the saddle.

Whether these West Virginia lovers had read of Priscilla's bridal ride upon an animal of the same sort, with John Alden pacing sedately, along by the side of his sweetheart, the narrative saith not. But with real lover like ingenuity they proceeded to put the idea into execution. The fair Miss Caroline stole from her obdurate father's home after nightfall, mounted the patient steer, which Sandy held in an adjacent grove, and the two set out for the town of Welch and a minister, the girl riding and her lover walking and leading the animal. All night they traveled through the woods, fearful, yet unpursued. Of course they found the minister and were married. And every man and woman who admires the pluck that gallantly conquers hostile circumstance will wish them a long life and a happy one. As for that steer, he should never be converted into prosaic beefsteak, but should live to a serene and honored old age.

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For further information write for circulars. Address, Frank Wortz & Co., Wausau, Wis. Drawer 1029. 38 4t

HOKE SMITH KILLED HIM.

Toledo Blade.

Alexander Cavashere, an aged resident of East Toledo, died Sunday. This mere announcement would ordinarily mean nothing; but in this year of Our Lord 1893, and of Hoke Smith, there is a deal of significance in it. It is stated that Cavashere grieved to death. He was a soldier, a member of Co. H., 2nd O. H. A., and the records say he was a good soldier, too. He had reached the age of 83 years and had a wife. His sole support was his pension pittance. But that was no excuse for him. He had no right to live. He ought to have killed himself on March 4. Then he would have saved hours of grieving. His pension was cut off. He couldn't go out to work, although Hoke Smith evidently thought his 83 years were no bar to labor, and so he grieved, and begged and starved.

Before he could get that pension again, he must take weeks, perhaps months, or even years, to go over and collect all the evidence possible from scattered comrades, and prove his innocence, the High Court of the Confederacy having pronounced him guilty.

And so he despaired and died.

Died at the age of 83, while fat men in office were haggling over his quarterly stipend.

Under the most recent order from the pension department he was entitled to a pension for senility alone, even though he hadn't a disability, and yet he was cut off.

But there is a God in Israel, and Smith and Lochren and the gray-suited administration will find it out. And on the tomb of the old man who sleeps out in Willow cemetery ought to be inscribed:

ALEXANDER CAVASHERE,
killed by
HOKE SMITH,
September 3, 1893.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the undersigned about one-half miles northwest of State College on August 27th, 1893, a large brown steer; no ear marks but with some white on breast, about four years old. Owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the animal away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

WILLIAM MCBATH.

No.-28-6-t.

WHEN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, Chicago, be sure to call at the unique exhibit of LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF in the northeast part of the AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, north aisle, in the Uruguay Department, and get a FREE CUP of delicious, refreshing BEEF TEA made from the world-known LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF.

THE LOWEST RATE OF THE YEAR TO CHICAGO VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A FURTHER REDUCTION IN FARE FOR THE COACH EXCURSION

The rapidly approaching termination of the Columbian Exposition and the enormous travel now directing itself to Chicago prompt the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to still further reduce its round trip rate on the popular World's Fair Coach Excursions. The rate from Philadelphia will be $17; Lancaster, 16.85; Harrisburg, $15,75; Altoona, $14.50, and a proportionate reduction from all other points along the main line and branches. These rates apply only to special trains leaving on September 28th, Oct. 2nd, and an additional one just arranged for October 6th. The tickets will, as before, be good for return passage within ten days on trains leaving Chicago at 3:15 and 11:30 P. M.

The rate has now reached the lowest possible point, and is within the means of almost every one, which end the railroad company has long been endeavoring to attain. Early application for tickets is urged, in view of the increased demand which will undoubtedly follow this liberal announcement.

The service for this travel will be maintained at the same standard for which the Pennsylvania Railroad Company is justly world wide famous.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a positive cure for all those painful Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25c., cure Biliousness, Constipation, and Torpid Liver By mail, or of druggists.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.* You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

PIANO Tuning and Repairing.

J. J. LEJEAL,

Of Erie, Pa., will be here fore part of October. Orders left at Bush House will receive prompt attention. 24-35-tf

GOLD INVESTMENT.

Safe, Sure and Reliable.

A Gold producing enterprise under the control of men of high standing, widely known in public life and of unquestionable integrity, which guarantees honest, prudent and efficient management.

Data:—Productions during the last two fiscal years, - - - $1,323,772
At present available, - - - 1,445,030

Send to undersigned, authorized agent for sale of Treasury Stock, for full particulars.

J. T. BAILEY, 56 Broadway, New York 34 4t

$40.00 Worth of Music for $1.50

The New York Musical Echo, the handsomest musical publication in the world, contains the best selection of music, both vocal and instrumental, ever published. Each month contains 32 pages of music, full sheet music size, and a life size portrait of some beautiful actress on the cover. Keep the Echoes together and you will have a grand portfolio of music.

MONTHLY, 15 cts.; YEARLY, $1.50 postpaid. Subscribe at once so as to get all the pretty pieces we are publishing. Address,

New York Musical Echo Co., Broadway Theatre Building, NEW YORK CITY.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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JOHN M. COBLE,
LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE V23 N27 tf

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

C

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.

DR. THEEL

1317 Arch Street,

Philadelphia. (Office Strictly Private. The only advertising specialist in America (who made his studies for six full years under the world-renowned Professors Jahr and Muller, the greatest allopathic and homœopathic specialists,) as proved by certificate attested by the German Court and signed by the American Ambassador. The only advertising Physician who is able to guarantee to cure permanently and quicker than all others without any dangerous drugs, (no matter what others print, write, claim or say). All special diseases of Blood Poison, Swellings, Pimples, Ulcers, Inflammations, Bladder, Kidneys, Strictures, Sores, Enlarged Veins, Impotency, Debility, Effects of youthful errors, Evenings, etc. The most dangerous cases solicited. Methods new and harmless. Relief at once; fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Those suffering for years, and having thereby lost all hope of cure, send five two-cent stamps for book "Truth." This is a valuable medical treatise which every one should read, and see that DR. THEEL has no equal in treating the above diseases. 25 years' practical experience. Hours daily, 9 to 3, 6 to 8; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12 A. M. Write or call and be saved, like thousands have been.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made Two Hundred Dollars a Month. No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

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PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

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C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 15
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 58	10 51	5
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	6
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	6
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 26	6
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 29	6
Dix—f	46.5	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 46	11 48	6
TYRONE	54.8	6 52	11 56	6

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	P. M.	P. M
TYRONE		8 10	2 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.8	8 17	2 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	2 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.9	8 25	2 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	2 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	2 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	2 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	2 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	2 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	3 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	3 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	3 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	3 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	3 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	3 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	3 46	9 07
Mt. Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	3 50	9 15
Howard	39.8	10 09	3 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	4 15	9 30
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	4 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	4 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	4 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	4 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.—Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M A.M				
4 50 10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 40
5 05 10 18 5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15 10 28 8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21 10 34 10.6	Hostler f	15.6	8 50	4 08
5 26 10 46 12.3	Marengo f	13.0	8 43	4 01
5 32 10 52 13.5	Loreville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39 10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43 11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 45
5 53 11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 03 11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15 11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 10
6 25 11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.25 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis. Westward a.m.	p.m.		Dis.	Eastward a.m.	p.m
.0	5.45	2.00	MONTANDON	5.30	9.10 4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar. LEWISBURG Lv	5.20	9.00 4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv. LEWISBURG Ar		2.00 4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Biehl f		8.52 4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		8.47 4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		8.38 4.27
13.1	6.42	2.39	Barber f		8.33 4 22
15.2	6.47	2.43	Swengle f		8.27 4 17
16.1	7.50	3.43	Millmont		8.25 4.15
18.6	7.55	3.51	GLEN IRON		8.17 4.07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		8.08 3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		7.57 3.48
32.3	7.27	3.20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48 3.40
35.9	7.34	3.28	Ingleby f		7.45 3.37
38.7	7.38	3.33	Coburn		7.38 3.30
39.6	7.48	3.37	Zerby f		7.30 3.23
43.4	7.55	3.47	Rising Springs		7.21 3.14
46.5	8.02	3.55	Penn's Cave f		7.14 3.07
49.2	8.06	4.01	CENTRE HALL		7.06 3.01
51.5	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		7.00 2.54
54.6	8.19	4.13	Linden Hall		6.52 2 47
56.7	8.24	4.18	OAK HALL		6.47 2 42
58.8	8.32	4.27	LEMONT		6.40 2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		6.28 2 28
62.3	8.37	4.37	Pleasant Gap f		6.28 2 28
65.3	8.40	4.40	Axeman f		6.20 2 20
67.4	8.53	4.40	BELLEFONTE		6.24 2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Asst Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	WESTWARD 11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	pm	pm	pm
5 35		5 30		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 50		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Fillmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16	
	5 42		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20	
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23	
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30	
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 30 a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore "	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo "	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie	5 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Philadelphia week d'ys	8 50 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15 p m
"	" Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10 p m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20 a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'vs Phila. week days	4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 55 p m
"	" arrive Williamsport	10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	2 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30 a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 25 a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25 p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 35 p m

	EASTWARD.	
Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore.	7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	" Phila	3 08 a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 35 a m
"	" Renovo	10 20 a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20 a m
"	Williamsport	12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25 p m
"	" Renovo	10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie	7 25 a m
"	" Kane	11 10 a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45 p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	l'v,s Wms'port	3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia	10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30 p m
"	" arrives Philada. at	10 15 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

LSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

DAVID NEWLIN FELL of Philadelphia.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

S. M. JACKSON, of Armstrong county.

Republican County Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF,

JOHN F. HARTER, of Millheim.

FOR TREASURER,

R. T. COMLEY, of Union Twp.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,

JAS. B. STROHM, of Potter Twp.,
M. F. RIDDLE, of Spring Twp.

FOR REGISTER,

J. E. RICKARD, of Rush Twp.

FOR RECORDER,

J. L. HOLMES, of College Twp.

FOR CORONER,

DR. THOS. TOBIN, of Halfmoon.

FOR AUDITORS,

E. S. DORWORTH, of Bellefonte,
JNO. D. WAGNER, of Gregg Twp.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,

WM. H. SNYDER, of Liberty.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
" "	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
" "	3 W Capt Harry Simler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover, Philipsb'g	
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P. Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Golmen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	Same Rearlek	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Alexander Miller	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
SnowShoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

NO REASON FOR ALARM.

The bill for the unconditional repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, unless conditions change materially within a few days, will not pass the Senate. The blame for this failure must be shared equally by the hysterical newspaper press and the Cleveland wing of the Democratic party. The wanton attacks upon silver which constitutes a large majority of the basis of the currency of the United States, and the unjustifiable onslaughts upon Western and Southern interests, on Western and Southern statesmen, have served to inject into the discussion so much ill feeling that unconditional repeal is now almost an impossibility.

Goaded by unjust attacks, incensed by having laid at their doors all the ills directly traceable to Democratic declarations on the tariff, the advocates of silver and of bimetallism can hardly be blamed for making a firm stand for what they believe to be a fair settlement of the question. Nor has the situation been improved by the bitter partisan attitude of the House of Representatives on the Federal Election Repeal bill and the determination on the part of the free trade fanatics to push through a reduction of customs duties in face of the most widespread industrial depression brought on by the mere fear of approaching tariff legislation. In short, the Cleveland wing of the party in power its mountebank sensational newspapers and the Southern free ballot haters have together formed a compact and impenetrable triumvirate of advanced imbecility, with almost unlimited power for mischief and no capacity of constructive legislation.

Disappointing as all this must be to the business interest of the country there is really no cause for alarm. The money scare, or panic, has almost passed, and discussion has dispersed the cloud of ignorance with which it was enveloped by the one sided harangues against silver. The most threatening evils are the repeal of the McKinley law. With those issues out of the way it will not be difficult to reach a satisfactory conclusion in regard to the currency; a conclusion that will consider alike gold and silver and that will be broad enough to comprehend the varied needs and interests of this rapidly developing Republic.

PUT ME IN MY LITTLE BED.

I am dizzy, dizzy, dizzy;
And I want to go to bed,
I've no appetite to eat,
And headache racks my head.

In other words, I am suffering from a bilious attack, but Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will bring me around all right by to-morrow. They often cure headache in an hour. I have found them the best cathartic pill in existence. They produce no nausea or griping, but do their work thoroughly. They are convenient to carry in the vest pocket, and pleasant to take. In vials; 25 cents.

HE HAD TO "HUSTLE."

One of the saddest things in a great city is the burdening of child life, among the poor, with the cares and responsibility of maturity. A New York paper has the following, which may be a sketch from real life:

The boy was not more than two and a half feet high. But he was intelligent and energetic, and he hawked his newspaper with a zeal that would have been creditable to a high-proof drummer. He was not unmindful of his dignity, and, when one Broad street purchaser accompanied his tender of payment with a frivolous, chaffing remark, the brisk little fellow embarrassed him with a sharp glance from two snapping black eyes, remarking the while; "Here is your change, sir. I have no time for fooling."

"Keep your change," said the purchaser, dropping the facetious and assuming a serious air. "Will you tell me how long you have been selling papers?"

"I have been in the newspaper business three years," replied the diminutive merchant, somewhat coldly.

"Three years!" exclaimed the man, with unfeigned surprise. "Why, my lad, you don't look big enough to carry a bundle of papers."

"Notwithstanding," said the mite, with unruffled dignity, "I have been in this business for three years, and two years before I sold papers I was in the clothing business."

"Is it possible?" commented the purchaser, with increased surprise. "See here, my little man, how old are you?"

"Nine years old," calmly responded the little fellow. "I had to get out and hustle to support the family when I was four years old. I belong to a family who waste no time."

The lad spoke the truth. He was born in East Broadway, and went to work in his father's clothing store when but four years old, as cash-boy. And there are many more like him in this large town.—[Ensign.

FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH.

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that it is, in short, the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order, and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostettor's Stomach Bitters does most effectually, seasonably regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quietude of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervine tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Bitters. Physicians also strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache, and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.

"I wonder how any of you ever got here!"—The most eloquent and statesmanlike maiden speech of the Hon. William Everett, of Mass., in our house of representatives at Washington on August 18th, recieved with great applause, in which he speaks so modestly of himself and asks the kindforbearance of the older members, reminds us of a little ancedote we heard some years ago of a senator who entirely inexperienced in legislation, came from one of the newly-created western states. Standing in a little group of senators some weeks after the opening of congress, one of them asked him what his impressions were of the senate when he first entered it.

He answered, "I wondered how I ever got here."

The senator then asked him, "Well, what are your impressions now?"

His answer was, "I wonder how any of you ever got here!"

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it more or less half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work.—[Carlyle.

SOVEREIGN.

Humphreys' Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the Sovereign Remedies of the world.

Doctors Astonished.

Something they Cannot Understand or Explain.

IT MAKES EVEN THE MEDICAL FRATERNITY OPEN ITS EYES.

If This Is Not a Wonder Worker We Should Like to Know What Is.

Doctors are surprised at any cure of paralysis, but there is one form of paralysis, which has been pronounced absolutely incurable—locomotor ataxia. This is indeed, the most serious and dreaded of all nervous difficulties.

Having so long pronounced this disease incurable, the astonishment, not to say amazement, of the doctors can be imagined when they learned from Mr. John H. Golding who resides at 166 Christopher St., New York city, the following wonderful facts:

"I was taken six months ago with locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis. The numbness of limbs and dizziness rapidly increased until I could not walk nor stand without assistance; could not button my clothes or dress myself without help.

"On the sixth day of October I commenced taking Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy and have taken four bottles and can now walk without a cane, and am rapidly gaining ever day.

"The numbness has almost completely left my limbs and feel first rate. I eat and sleep well, and I can recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy since I know that it has saved my life.

"I was refused admittance into St. John's Hospital because they said my case was incurable.

"But Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy has done its work well. It is the wonder of my friends that I am alive to-day, and when I tell them that this medicine cured me when the doctors had pronounced my case as incurable, they say it was a miracle.

MR. JOHN H. GOLDING.

"I was two months under doctors' hands and getting worse. I was discouraged when I began to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. But to-day I am well. A week ago I walked eight miles and felt no bad results.

"I am now feeling like a new man, my nerves are strong and I feel happy. I hope that this will be received by all suffering from disease."

It does really seem that there is no disease which baffles this marvellous remedy Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. It certainly seems to cure almost everything, and if it will cure a terrible disease like the above, heretofore pronounced absolutely incurable by doctors, how much more certainly and surely will it cure all the ordinary complaints of life. If you are sick you are not wise if you do not give this health restorer a trial. It is truly the greatest curer of disease in existence. Druggists keep it for $1.00 and it is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless.

Physicians have been everywhere surprised at its wonderful powers to cure disease and they unhesitatingly recommend sufferers from ill-health to use it, because it is the discovery and prescript of a well-known physician, Dr. Greene of 35 W. 14th Street, New York, the successful specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, who can be consulted free of charge personally or by letter.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

DEMENTED AND HOMELESS.

Last Saturday a lady called at a store on North Thomas Street to inquire for lodging for the night. Over the store was a boarding house. She stated she had no money, she was not given much encouragement that she could get accommodation without money. She began to shed tears, saying she was from Julian, had been seeking work but found it not. The kind hearted store keeper, Mr. Fritz, recommended that she try to get lodging at the town poor house. This she refused to do and acted very queer. She inquired where the place was, then refused to listen to directions. She wanted to lodge in the store, saying it was nice and warm there. To this Mr. Fritz objected as she was a stranger and she left. Later in the evening policeman Garris ran across her and thinking something was wrong arrested her. She was found to be demented and was lodged in the jail until the proper authorities call for her.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THAT BAND STAND.

A little over a year ago some people in this town built a beautiful band stand in one corner of the Court House yard. We have heard it said that the building cost two hundred and twenty-five dollars. Meyer's orchestra was to give public band concerts throughout the summer at least two a week. The first summer several concerts were given and the general public was ready with praises for those who had contributed this additional pleasure "pro bono publico." This year the county commissioners concluded to fix up the yard in front of the Court House. They were contemplating putting in a couple of toy fountains, an appology for a fence, and cover the surface with a carpet of beautiful green sward. The band stand was in the way and then it had fallen into disuse, no concerts had been held in it all summer; one reason after another was given for this, some members of the band were away, the electric light was not fixed, there would be a concert next week, etc., but next week never came. The commissioners, not yet clear of the incumbrance, moved it into the centre of the diamond. It was hardly fixed in its new position until the borough council began to fret about it. They were afraid it would frighten horses and the borough be liable for damages (a very remote possibility as most Centre county horses have seen horses enough to know they won't kick, nor are our horses all dummies.) They ordered the owners, whoever they might be, to remove it from the public thoroughfare. The owners, if there were any, failed to take posession. There was some talk of removing it to the school house grounds for a play house for the children, but no one made the move to have this done. At last the council declared that if it was not removed they would sell or give it away; this was done and it was given to John Waite, upon conditions that he would move it at his own expense; this he did last Saturday morning. He loaded it on a wagon and moved it to his place on South Water street, and so this troublesome question was disposed of without cost to the borough or county, and the public spirited projectors of this band stand enterprise can credit themselves with a half a dozen concerts for the public good at a cost of two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

GOLD WILL BE MORE PLENTY.

We have stated in the REPUBLICAN that we believe that in the near future gold might become more plentiful than silver. Our reasons as we stated them were that gold is one of the most widely distributed metals in the world; that there is scarcely a country but what already possesses gold mines that have been and can be worked with a profit, but that attention had been drawn away from gold for the past 30 years by the great development of silver mining. The mining skill, enterprise, and capital of the world have been concentrated upon the production of silver, and consequently silver mining has been pushed to the utmost, with the natural result of over production and great lowering of prices.

Now everybody will turn his attention to gold mining, Engineers, chemists, and miners will devote themselves to developing known gold mines, finding new ones, and improving the methods of extraction. If they do this as they have with silver, the productions of gold will increase as rapidly as that of silver has done since 1865.

There is every evidence that they are already doing this. The European press contains much about the development of the gold mines of Africa, and it is generally believed that King Solomon's "Land of Ophir" has been rediscovered, and the very mines have been found from which was taken the gold that ornamented the famous temple. It is believed that that region is indescribably rich in the precious metal, and explorers have brought back stories of extensive mines which were probably closed centuries ago by an irruption of barbaric hordes, and still remain very much as their workers left them, even to great piles of rich ore, neatly squared up, ready for measurement and delivery. If half what is told be true, we are on the eve of getting a stock of gold from South Africa like that which Australia and California once threw into the world's markets.

In our own country prospecting is going on actively in the Rocky Mountains with most cheering outlook. The Idaho papers think that the Deadwood district will astonish the world with its richness in gold, and they think that some bonanzas are already in sight. Everywhere in the mountains old gold mines which have been neglected for silver are being reopened and put into operation. Even placer mining is being resumed on a large scale by men who were thrown out of employment by the shutting down of the silver mines. A Denver hardware merchant reports that he has sold more gold pans in the last three months than in the previous five years. The Denver mint reports a constant increase in the amount of gold bullion sent in. At the rate of increase for July and Auguest it will aggregate $1,000,000 in a year.

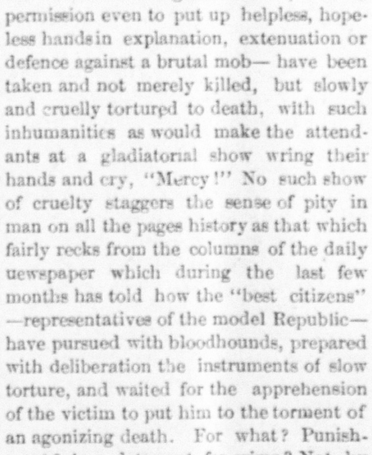
The reports from Utah, Montana, New Mexico, Wyoming, Arizona, Nevada, the Black Hills, Colorado, and California, are all to the effect that thousands of miners heretofore employed in silver mining are now getting out gold, and that capital is being attracted to rich finds,

MOB LAW IN THE SOUTH.

A noteworthy feature of the treatment by Southern newspapers of the recent lynchings in various parts of the South is a certain sensiveness to criticism and a lurking desire to palliate the great crimes that have been committed under a notion of a great provocation. Let us start fair in the discussion of this question than underlies self-government, and the capacity of the people to conduct a democracy. And let us begin by saying that there is no provocation sufficient to justify lawlessness; no crime so outrageous as to warrant any social organization that has intelligently bound itself together under permanent rules of action, in throwing off upon any sudden impulse or any outburst of impatience the rules it has deliberately adopted. Against deliberation, impatience has no excuse. If law is worth anything whatever, it is worth being regarded against any stress of impatience or any outburst of passion. It must be absolute. It expresses the best sense of organized society; the cold results of long experience and wide observation. It formulates what the wisest of its members have found out to be true and beneficent, and for the greatest good of the greatest number. And when a civilized community rises up in impatience at the slowness of the operation of laws of its own enactment, and overturns them all upon an impulse of barbarism what is there to be said except that the community which does it is unfit for self-governmnet?

For months past there have been recurring instances of the most barbarous execution of the will of a lawless and bloodthirsty mob upon untried and unconvicted criminals, or persons charged with crime, throughout the South. Men charged with crime have not been merely killed in accordance with the decencies which public law requires when capital crimes have been committed. Men—not white men, to be sure, but men all the same have been taken without the form of trial, or the chances of an organized court; without permission even to put up helpless, hopeless hands in explanation, extenuation or defence against a brutal mob— have been taken and not merely killed, but slowly and cruelly tortured to death, with such inhumanities as would make the attendants at a gladiatorial show wring their hands and cry, "Mercy!" No such show of cruelty staggers the sense of pity in man on all the pages history as that which fairly recks from the columns of the daily newspaper which during the last few months has told how the "best citizens"—representatives of the model Republic—have pursued with bloodhounds, prepared with deliberation the instruments of slow torture, and waited for the apprehension of the victim to put him to the torment of an agonizing death. For what? Punishment? As a deterrent for crime? Not by any means. Simply—and we desire to present this subject just as it appears to every human being who has in him a grain of, we will not say common humanity, but of common sense—simply as the gratification of a worse than brutal instinct, the slaking of a thirst for blood.

Make no bones about it. The men who build fires and prepare red-hot irons with which to torture men to death—no matter what the crimes may be for which this fearful vengeance is inflicted—are not fit to be at large. Much less are they fit to make laws or have any hand in making them, since they see fit to overturn them and set them at naught at their own cruel will. And the very worst feature of it is that the newspapers which represent public opinion at the South so generally palliate the widespread lawlessness. Here, for instance, comes "The Lynchburg News," complaining that in the criticism which has been indulged in by Northern news papers there is "never a word of condemnation for the criminal and his shocking crime." To which it adds: "There would be more respect felt in this part of the country for Northern deprecations of lynching if they were occasionally mixed up with a little denunciation of the practic which vicious negroes have of assaulting defenceless white women." Insinuation so bold and slanderous as hardly to need answer. There is no Northern newspaper, no Northern man, that does not denounce the crime. But they denounce it to the law; not to the brutal passions of a mob. And until the Southern newspapers can bring themselves to see that the recurrence of these outbreaks of lawlessness indicates a social condition to think that, notwithstanding their preponderance of power through their Tammany alliance, they do not actually possess the "genius for government."



Mr. J. H. Stillman

"I am Truly Thankful

For Hood's Sarsaparilla. During the war I contracted **typhoid fever**, and fever and ague, leaving me with **malarial and mercurial poisoning** from which I have suffered ever since, in neuralgia, rheumatism, **nervous prostration** and general debility. Since I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I have not lost a day's work in three months, weigh **10 lbs. more** than for years and am in better health than any time since the war." J. H. STILLMAN, Cheltenham, Pa. **HOOD'S CURES.**

'Hood's Pills Cure Liver Ills. 25c.'

THE BABY'S THINKER.

What does the baby think all day,
With its blue eyes open wide?
What would the baby have to say
If its tongue should come untied?

What does it think of its pick-white toes,
Of its little chubby hands?
What does it think of it's turned-up nose?
Do you think it understands?

What does it thing of the great blue sky
That is bending far above?
What does it think of its baby cry,
And what of its mother's love?

What does the baby think all day
As it nods its head and blinks
At the silver sunlight? who shall say?
Who knows what the baby thinks?

—[Detroit Free Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Not what we say, but what **the people say** is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. **Be sure it is made in Belfast, Maine.**

JOHN BURKE.

A Remarkable Cure
IN NEWBURYPORT, MASS.
BETTER READ THIS.

MR. BURKE IS ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN MEN IN NEWBURYPORT. A MEMBER OF A. W. BARTLETT POST, No. 49, G. A. R., AND **Probation Officer** IN THE **Police Court.** IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS AS TO THE TRUTH OF THIS STATEMENT, WRITE AND INVESTIGATE. **We guarantee every word of the following statement to be true.**

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.,
DANA SARSAPARILLA CO., BELFAST, ME.

Gentlemen:—For over eight months I suffered with a **Deathly Sickness**—could not get anything GUARANTEED to stop it. On Feb. 13, 1891, I commenced to take DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. In about five days

THE SICKNESS DISAPPEARED,

so I reduced the dose, and the sickness slightly returned again—I increased the dose, and **the sickness again departed, this time for good.**

I also suffered terribly with **Headache every day** for some **ten months** before taking DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. My **HEADACHE IS COMPLETELY CURED,** and I can eat any common food I want without the **least inconvenience.** I consider my case a **remarkable one,** as I have taken only **four bottles,** and am **Perfectly Cured,** and gaining in flesh every day. I can cheerfully recommend it to my friends as a **good, honest Medicine.**

Yours respectfully, JOHN BURKE.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

D. P Shuey and George Woods in re-Petition to satisfy Mortgage in Book "F" page 7 given by Hannah Woods to John Brown Feb. 22 A D 1886. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre Co. No. 24 Nov. T. 1893.

And now, Sept. 4. 1893, the within petition read and considered and it appearing to the Court that the legal presumption of payment of said mortgage exists from the lapse of time and no satisfaction appears of record, and that said mortgaged premises are situated in Centre County. The Court direct the Sheriff of Centre County to serve a notice on the holder or holders of said mortgage if they be found in Centre County and if be not found in said County of Centre, then the said Sheriff shall give public notice as aforesaid in one or more newspapers published in said County once a week for four weeks successively prior to the next term of Court requiring said parties to appear and make answer

BY THE COURT.

Certified from record Sept, 4, '893.

W. F. SMITH,
Prothy.

39 4t

HENCH & DROMGOLD'S

SAW MILL AND ENGINES

A wonderful improvement in **Friction Feeds and Gig-Back.** Back motion of Carriage **three times** as fast as any other in the market. **Friction Clutch Feed,** causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; **great saving in power and wear.** Write for circulars and prices; furnished free upon application. Also **Spring Tooth Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers,** etc. *Mention this paper.*

HENCH & DROMGOLD, Manfrs., YORK, PA.

THE RECONCILIATION

It was a close, sultry. Summer afternoon, with scarce a breath of air stirring, while the sun poured his scorching rays from a cloudless sky. All about the old Burton farmhouse a death like stillness resigned. There were no sounds of voices from within, no creaking footsteps on the uncarpeted floors, while without, even the songs of the birds were hushed. The dingy, forlorn looking house, with its unpainted, weather-stained exterior, its low doors and its small windows, was even more desolate and forsaken in appearance than was its wont, and at first glance one would have thought it completely deserted. But a closeer observation proved that such was not the case.

Isaac Burton, old and gray, and bent under the cares and burdens of years of trial and toil, sat on the doorstep of his house with his face buried in his hands, now and then casting a furtive glance through the open door in the direction of a bed in the corner of the room. While he sat there the sun crawled down the western sky, casting its shadow obliquely through the open door, yet he seemed unmindful of the fact that time was passing. Rising from the steps finally, he stood an instant listening to the slow, regular breathing that came from the bed, then walked out across the neglected yard, muttering, half-audibly :

"She sleeps well, but I don't like the 'pearance of her face."

Reaching the crooked rail-fence that separated the yard from the public highway, old Isaac stopped, and for a little while stood looking down the hard, white road that ran through the long, straight lane to the east. The road was deserted, not a living object being visible on all the two miles of it that lay within his view.

"She ort to have the doctor," he muttered, "yit I don't like to leave her to go an' fetch him. She looks mouty square 'bout the face an' eyes, an' I'm afeerd she's bad tuck." Then after a short silence : "If only somebody was passin' this way so's I could send word to the mill an' git the doctor."

Then Isaac cast a look in the direction of the ridge, a fourth of a mile to the west, where a small log-house, similar to his own, stood, and something like a sigh escaped him. Shaking his head sadly, he turned away.

"Neighbors'd be powerful helpin' an' comfortin' just now," he mused, "an' I'd give a heap if we had some. I never got lonesome when Lindy was up an' about, but now she's down I feel like half the world is gone, an' it' pears like I long for somebody to keep me company. Them people," nodding toward the house on the opposite ridge, "ain't no neighbors, an' no matter what comes I can't go to them fer nothin.' "

For some time old Isaac walked to and fro in the little path leading from the gate to the door, then again he went and leaned over the fence to look down the road. Instantly his face brightened and a glad light came into his eyes ; for, way down the lane, he saw a man approaching. Nearly a quarter of an hour passed before the latter came up, but Isaac waited for him, and accosted him at once :

"Sam, I never was so glad to see anybody as I am to see you. Are you goin' over to the mill ?"

"Yes," Sam replied, after eying old Isaac inquiringly for almost a minute. "What has happened, Ike ?"

"Lindy is bad sick, Sam," Ike said in a low tone, "an' all night an' all day I've been stayin' with her alone. I knowed, too, that she ort to have the doctor, but I was afeared to leave her, an' there wa'n't nobody to send. You kin tell him to come when you git to the mill."

"Yes I'll tell him, Ike, an' if there's anything else I kin do fer you I'll do it an' be glad to."

"No ; that's all. Tell him to come as quick as he kin, Sam."

' Yes, I will. But you ort to have somebody to stay with you, Ike. Somebody to help 'bout nussin' an' 'tendin' on Mis' Burton."

"I know that." Isaac replied with a sigh and a slow shaking of his head. "I'd give a heap to have somebody here, but I can't git nobody now."

For a moment Sam was silent, casting a glance, first at Isaac then at the house on the ridge to the west. Isaac saw the action and understood.

"No, Sam," he said, half sadly, halt vindictively. "I'll never go there for a favor, never !"

"In a case like this things ought to be different," Sam suggested. "People ought to forget and forgive, Ike."

"Mebby so, Sam, mebby so ; but they wouldn't feel that way. All that's been said an' done in thirty years can't be forgot in a day."

It was a little while before Sam spoke again. He wished to proceed just right in his kindly purpose—that of reconciling two long estranged families—and for a time he was at a loss how best to do it. Finally he said :

"Ike, if Mis' Martin felt inclined to come you wouldn't object, would you ?"

Isaac shook his head.

"She won't feel so inclined, Sam. It ain't natural that she should."

"I don't know," Sam replied. "Mis' Martin had a kind heart, an' she is sympathizin' with the sick an' the needy. She's a good woman, Ike."

"She may be, but I ain't ready to say so. It's been thirty years since my family an' the Martins have neighbored, an' in all that time not a word has passed between us. It's hard to forget an' forgive after so long, Sam, an' I 'low Mis' Martin can't do it. She may be a good woman, but she ain't good enough to do that."

Sam said no more, but went on up the road toward the mill, while Isaac returned to his seat on the doorstep. Lindy still slept, and as her husband sat listening to her breathing, his thoughts ran over the conversation he had just had with Sam Gross.

"I'd be glad to have Mis' Martin here." he thought, "but I ain't no right to expect her to come, even if she was Christian enough to forgive an' forgit. Three months ago, when Martin lay sick, I never went about him, an' even when he died I kept away from the house, not so much as seein' him buried. I ain't no right to expect her to be more forgivin' than myself."

When Sam Gross arrived at Mrs. Martin's house he went in and asked for a drink of water. She gave it to him, then asked him to stop a while to rest.

"I'd be glad enough to," Sam replied, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "but I'm in too much of a hurry. Comin' by Burton's just now, Ike he comes out and says Lindy is bad tuck, an' that he afeared she's goin' off, an' he asks me to send the doctor up, so I'll have to' git 'long as peart as I kin. Poor Lindy !' Sam went on, after a short pause, "I 'low that doctors an' medicine an' sich likes ain't agoin' to do her much good, 'less'n she has proper nussin.' Ike can't 'tend on her wuth shucks, no matter how hard he tries, an' if he goes 'bout in sight of 'er with that forlorn, sad look he wears, she'll die shore, jest o' that alone. She needs a good, cheerful woman nuss, Mis' Martin, sech as you'd be, now."

Sam stopped and waited, as if for a reply from Mrs. Martin, but she did not speak, and he went on :

"In cases like that," he said, "it's a great pity folks ain't got no neighbors, for good neighbors is a power o' comfort to the sick an' them as is related to the sick. There's no knowin' what good nussin' would do for Mis' Burton, ner how consolin' a word o' sympathy would be to poor old Ike in his loneliness. I feel fer them poor critters, Mis' Martin, an' I do wish somebody would be neighborly with 'em

Again Sam paused, but Mrs. Martin said nothing, and he saw that he must speak plainer in order to make the impression he desired.

"Mis' Martin," he continued, "life is powerful short, an' if people expect to prepare fer eternity they ain't got no time to waste in useless bickerin's. Them as expects to be happy in the next world can't afford to spend their time here in contentions. Fer my part, Mis' Martin, I'd hate to let a cross-fence atween two farms stand betwixt me an' my neighbors, much less betwixt me an' heaven. Now fer thirty years that cross-fence up there has kept you uns an' the Burtons apart, makin' you enemies when ought to 'a' been friend an' neighbors, an' it was all on account of contentiousness. Either family would 'a' made up in a minute if the other would 'a' tuck the fust step, but neither would budge an inch, an' so it's gone on an' on' all of you bein' as miserable as sin. Mis' Martin 'tain't right. People as hopes to be fergive in the next world must fergive in this. I put it to you, now, Mis' Martin, if I ain't right ?"

"Sam, you are right," Mrs. Martin replied. "That cross-fence trouble has caused me many sorrowful days, and there never has been a time when I wouldn't gladly have buried the strife and made friends with the Burtons. But I thought the first advances toward a reconciliation ought to come from Isaac. He was most to blame."

"Miss' Martin, said Sam. "I don't know who was most to blame. I ain't no call to speak of that. But this I know : If a person is a true Christian, an' wants to so act, that person mustn't stick at no fine p'ints ; an in a effort to fetch about a reconciliation he must be willin' to go more'n half way to meet t'other party. Scriptur' says, Mis' Martin, to 'do good to them that despitefully use you,' an' as Christians we're bound to do it."

Sam spoke with deep solemnity, and it was plain that his words had a great effect on his auditor. Mrs. Martin was a Christian woman and she meant well, but, like many other good people, she found it hard to humble herself. There was a long silence, during which a conflict between duty and pride waged within Mrs. Martin's bosom.

"Sam," she said at last, "do you think Isaac would not resent my coming into his house ?"

"I know he wouldn't." Sam replied promptly. "More than that, Mis' Martin. I know he'd welcome you."

"Then I'll go Sam, an let the outcome of it be what it may, I know I shall feel the better for goin'."

Sam started on his way, happy in the thought of what he had accomplished, and hoping that his efforts might lead to the burial of the difference that had so long kept the two families at enmity.

Mrs. Martin went immediately to Burton's and when old Isaac from his seat on the doorstep saw her coming up the yard-path he was more surprised than he ever had been in all his life. However, he composed himself sufficiently to give her a fitting reception and remove from her mind all fear of her visit being considered an intrusion. At first there was an air of restraint about the actions and conversation of both, but that gradually died out, and in time they became easy and natural in their deportment.

The doctor came, but he could not give Isaac any encouragement, for he found that Lindy was in a dangerous condition, with little prospect of improvement.

"She is very low," he said, "and we can hope for no change for the better. I'm afraid she cannot last long."

And the doctor was right, for day by day the sick woman sank, and after the lapse of a week she closed her eyes on earth forever. All through the week Mrs. Martin stayed by the bedside, devoting herself to the invalid as faithfully as ever nurse did, receiving the blessings of her charge and heartfelt graditude of Isaac. Then, when all was over, she returned to her home happier than she had been for thirty long years.

A year passed, and the people of Possum Ridge began to wonder if the cross-fence trouble was to be revived in court again. The time for which a stay of proceedings had been granted had nearly expired, and at the next sitting of the court the case would be called up for further action. Isaac and Mrs. Martin had become neighborly, but neither of them had ever mentioned the cross-fence, and the matter stood just as it had before Lindy's death. People had talked a great deal about it, some conjecturing that old Isaac would dismiss the case after Mrs. Martin's kindness to his wife, some maintaining that he would not, and some going so far as to predict that Mrs. Martin, in the forgiving disposition of her heart, would dismiss the case herself. Sam Cross heard all that was said, watched proceedings quietly, and even ventured to speak to each of the parties separately, in the hope of having the affair settled amicably. But still everything remained in doubt, and but a week must elapse before the coming on of court. Sam shook his head sadly, feeling that, after all, his efforts had fallen far short of his cherished desire.

Late one afternoon old Isaac donned his best clothing, and taking down his cane, walked up the road to Mrs. Martin's. The widow received him graciously, inviting him to a seat on the long, rambling porch, and exerting herself to the utmost to make him feel welcome.

"Mis' Martin," Isaac said, after they had exchanged a few commonplace remarks, "you know, of course, that the cross-fence suit is to come up in court next week ?"

"Yes ; I know it," the widow answered sadly, "and I wish with all my heart that it wasn't. I'm tired of it."

"So am I, Mis' Martin," Isaac said with a slow shaking of his head. "I wish now that cross-fence had never existed. It's been a source of sorrow to all of us, an' many's the time I've regretted deeply that the suit was ever brought, an' I've regretted it a thousan' times more than ever durin' the last year."

"So have I," the widow replied. "If we could only all been friends an' neighbors while Martin and Lindy lived. We've missed a great deal, Mr. Burton, by our contentions, an' now that t'other two is gone we ought to try to live better an' happier lives. We ought to drop the old suit an' bury our difference. Don't you feel so ?"

"I do. I've felt so for a long time, Mis' Martin, an' I come here this evenin' to talk the matter over an' see if we couldn't agree to a plan of settlement. I have a plan to offer, Jane, which, if 'twas agreeable to you, would settle the trouble forever."

Mrs. Martin arched her eyebrows in surprise when Isaac spoke her first name, for that was the first time in his life that he had shown such familiarity. Yet she did not seem offended at all, nor did she appear displeased when he drew his chair nearer hers and looked into her face with an unmistakable tenderness.

"Jane," he went on, in low, soft tones, "we are gittin' old, an' we're all alone in the world. For thirty years we've been as strangers, an' we've each helped to sadden the life of the other. We can blot out the old, trouble, an' the line-fence with it, an' I feel that we ought to do it. It's our duty to forgit the past an' in the future to try to make up to each other the happiness we've missed. We can make the farms one, Jane, an' then there'll be no need of no cross-fence, an' we kin make our lives an' interests one, an' then, there'll be no need for more contentions."

Isaac paused, but as the widow did not raise her eyes nor attempt to speak, he went on :

"I'm a lonely man, Jane," he said, "an' I want somebody to keep me company through my few remaining years, an' nobody would suit me like you. I love you, Jane, for your kindness to Lindy, an' I want you to forgive me for all of the past an' be my wife. We can be comfortable, an' we can cheer each other in our declining days. Jane, will you do it ?"

The widow lifted her face, beautiful in spite of its age, and, looking into Isaac's eyes with an answering tenderness laid her hand in his.

"Yes Isaac," she said, "I will be your wife, an' will faithfully try to fill Lindy's place in your home."

A few days later the old couple were married and Sam Gross, who was present at the ceremony, took to himself much of the credit for the happy termination of affairs, and not unjustly, either.

Isaac immediately threw the old suit out of court, then put men to work to tear down the old line fence and turn the two farms into one, just as the owners had turned their lives and interests into one. Thus the last vestige of the old trouble was removed, and the two surviving litigants entered on a quiet, happy existence, at peace with all the world.—*Frank Leslie's Weekly.*

AFTER THE "GRIP," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other debilitating diseases, your quickest way to get flesh and strength is with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That gives purity to your blood, plumpness to your body, and puts every function into perfect working order. It makes thoroughly effective every natural means of repairing and nourishing your system. For pale, puny, scrofulous children, especially, nothing approaches it. It builds up completely their flesh, their strength, and their health.

The "Discovery" is the only *guaranteed* blood medicine. In the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Eczema, Salt-rheum, and every kindred ailment, if it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A "COLD IN THE HEAD" is quickly cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So is Catarrhal Headache, and every trouble that is caused by Catarrh. So is Catarrh itself. The proprietors offer $500 in cash for any case which they cannot cure.

Lives of others oft remind us
Married life may be sublime.

We trust to be forgiven this parody of lines from Longfellow's immortal "Psalm of Life." Husbands who are wise and thoughtful, know that the happiness of the home depends largely on the health of the mistress of the home. Many are the tasks which daily confront her. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping, if she be suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex ? Dr. Pierces Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy. sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction *guaranteed* in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

On Wednesday morning of last week at half past eleven o'clock Thomas Strouse, one of the oldest men in Bellefonte, died at the residence of his son-in-law Harry Garret, on east Howard street. He belonged to the Lutheran church to which organization he had been an honored member for many years. He was eighty years old and leaves two sons and six daughters grown to manhood and womanhood. The funeral took place last Friday morning at nine o'clock from the house. Burial at Pine Hall cemetery.

Castoria is truly a marvelous thing for children. Doctors prescribe it, medical journals recommend it, and more than a million mothers are using it in place of Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, so-called soothing syrups and other narcotic and stupefying remedies. Castoria is the quickest thing to regulate the stomach and bowels and give healthy sleep, the world has ever seen. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, quiets pain, cures diarrhœa and wind colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea—the mother's friend.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper

—Work will soon be begun on the Howard water works, provided the right of way can be secured at a reasonable price. If not, the enterprise may lay dormant for an indefinite time, which will certainly be a misfortune to Howard.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The leaves in the forest are beginning to turn yellow and brown, and to drop off one by one, presaging the approach of Autumn and bringing with it many climate changes. It needs a very strong constitution to withstand the sudden shocks of cold and moisture. Unfortunately there are very few so gifted, the majority of the human race need to have their natures strengthened and stimulated, and there is no better remedial agent than a pure rye whisky. Klein's Silver Age Rye has stood the severest tests and has been found to be absolutely perfect, being recommended and prescribed by the highest medical authorities. It is for sale by S. Shloss, Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

POST OFFICE THIEF CAUGHT.

Some time ago it was discovered that registered letters from Bellefonte were tampered with somewhere on the rout to there destination. They were opened and money taken from them. The department was notified, complaints coming in from various quarters. A detective was sent to ferret out the trouble and this is what the Tyrone *Herald* says about it :

Samuel N. Williams, chief clerk at the Tyrone postoffice, was arrested Thursday morning by Special Inspectors W. W. Dickson and H. B. Griggs, of the postoffice department, charged with opening and abstracting money from registered letters passing through his hands in the course of discharging the duties of his position. Confronted with the incontestable evidence secured, he admitted his guilt.

Beginning with August 25 last, there occured a number of cases in which money was taken from registered letters passing through the mails, in this immediate part of the state, most of them being letters which coming from the main line were transferred through the Tyrone postoffice to the branch railroad routes or vice versa. Naturally this rifling resulted in complaints from various offices being lodged with the postoffice department, and Inspector Dickson was at once detailed to solve the difficulty.

Mr. Dickson entered upon the investigation of all the probably points at which the rifling could be done, speedily and logically locating the source of trouble in the Tyrone postoffice. He came here September 13, since which time he worked dilligently and adroitly upon the case. In a very few hours after his arrival here he had settled upon Clerk Williams as the person who had rifled the registered letters, every particle of evidence pointing to that conclusion. The remaining time spent was necessary in order to accumulate the positive evidence of guilt. Inspector Dickson's work was certainly shrewdly done, for the suspected young man who was under constant surveillance had no thought that we was being so carefully watched. This was a remarkably difficult matter to accomplish since in a town of this size, the movements of a stranger don't pass unnoticed. Mr. Dickson had been in Tyrone a couple of years ago, at which time he had inspected the postoffice here, but the clerks did not recognize him when he reappeared this month. To his caution and indefatigable search the successful consummation of the case is due. Finding it necessary to have assistance in the work of surveillance, he sent for another inspector and Mr. Griggs joined him here last Monday, since which time they had pursued the investigation together.

The climatic evidence was obtained Thursday by a decoy letter. The inspectors had sent several decoys previously, which were untouched, but the letter Thursday which was mailed by an Italian and bore the looks of an ordinary foreign register, was a successful decoy. Williams opened the letter, but did not take the money. The evidence was conclusive, however, and his arrest this morning followed. The young man at first denied his guilt, but when confronted by all the evidence, he confessed that he had indeed done the rifling. He said it was not from the need or desire of money, that he had done it, but simply from an unexplainable mania for opening letters. This statement is borne out by the fact that he had not used the money pilfered, for he had it and more all stowed away in a tin box at his home. He restored to the office all the stolen money Friday morning, amounting to nearly $800.

Inspectors Dickson and Griggs took the unfortunate young man to Altoona Friday afternoon where he will be given a hearing before United States Commissioner W. A. Ambrose. The charge is a very serious one.

Mr. Williams had for more than three years been a trusted and industrious employe of the Tyrone postoffice, and his fall will be a shocking surprise and a painful blow to his friends. All who know him have always entertained the highest regard for his integrity and manliness, and he was thoroughly popular among old and young in the town. He was especially courteous, obliging and industrious in his position in the postoffice where he was implicitly trusted. His conduct in this affair was most reckless and unfortunate and is the source of deep regret to all who know him.

THE BIRD OF WISDOM.

An owl sat up in a hickory tree,
And said in an impudent manner to me,
"Ter-hoot ! ter-hoot ! ter-hoo !"

I asked her, politely, "You lovely old bird,
Have you of the Golden Discovery heard !"
She ruffled her feathers and spoke but a word—
That dreary, monotous "Who ?"

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a *warranted* lung, liver and blood remedy, a powerful tonic and alterative, and a reliable vitalizer for weak persons ; a panacea for scrofula, hip-joint diseases, fever-sores, swelling and tumors ; contains no alcohol, and is a medicine without a peer. There is no risk in buying a *guaranteed* article. Your money back if it don't benefit or cure.

LATER FACTS.

The Tyrone *Herald* of late date, gives this additional information about the case of Samuel Williams, the Tyrone postoffice clerk who was arrested Friday by inspector H. B. Griggs and W. W. Dickson for rifling registered letters, was taken by the inspectors to Altoona where United States Commissioner W. A. Ambrose Friday afternoon gave him a hearing. After hearing the evidence and the young man's confession Commissioner Ambrose held him for trial in the United States court which will convene at Pittsburg in October.

The amount of his bail was $1000 and this could have been secured, but it was thought better that he should go to jail at Pittsburg, he himself thinking this the better plan. He remained at the hotel Friday night in company with two inspectors, and Friday morning with Inspector Griggs and Marshal Yerger he went to Pittsburg where he will await trial.

Mr. Griggs, who accompanied the young man to Pittsburg, has long been connected with the postoffice department and is considered probably the shrewest inspector in the line of depredations upon which delicate work he is almost constantly engaged. He has solved many and perplexing problems in cases arising from tampering with the United States mails. Mr. Griggs succeeded in a delicate undertaking Friday in drawing forth from Williams a complete confession of his wrongdoing, thus avoiding the necessity of proying the case in detail before the courts. This confession, with the restitution of the money taken and the previous good character of the young man, will likely go far toward making his punishment as light as possible under the law.

Stop wasting your money on Tobacco and Opium. Brace up ! Be a man ! Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets will cure you. All leading druggists sell them.

BARTON'S AWFUL MISTAKE.

Capt. William Barton, of the ship Kingfisher, had but one great fault, a violent temper. His young wife Mabel, who had accompanied him for a voyage to Java, often begged him to control himself, declaring that such a temper would yet lead him to the prepetration of some deed he would bitterly repent of.

Not that he was ever otherwise than kind and gentle to her. It was against his men that he sometimes became enraged. They all liked him, notwithstanding, for, except when they made some blunder, he treated them like brothers.

Her own brother, Jack Wilson, a youth of seventeen, was cabin-boy. His relation to Mabel, however, did not prevent his sometimes being the subject of the captain's wrath.

One evening, on an occasion when Jack was slightly ill, he stumbled against a bucket full of tar spilling the latter all over the deck.

"Confound you, youngster!" roared the skipper. "I'll make you stand on the lookout four hours to-night for your awkwardness."

Mrs. Barton pleaded with him. She had sat up nearly all the previous night nursing her brother and she was quite sure he had not slept ten minutes during that time. It would therefore be cruel to make the poor boy, who was not yet quite well, remain awake so long.

But he now resisted all her appeals and at dark made little Jack get into the longboat and there seat himself to keep a good one," said he. "Don't let me catch you dozing!"

"Have you put Jack on the lookout?" inqured his wife when he joined her in the cabin.

She nestled in his arms, coaxed and pleaded with him about Jack, but in vain. Then she became very still and thoughtful. All at once a singular expression flashed into her dark eyes.

A few minutes later the captain retired to his apartment adjoining those of his wife. He soon fell asleep, but awoke three hours later and went on deck. The captain looked leeward, but through the gloom he could see nothing of an island the ship had been approaching when he went below. On making inquiries of the officer of the deck, however, he learned that the island one of the Feejee group, bore about a mile off the lee quarter.

He now walked toward the longboat in which he had stationed Jack Wilton to keep a lookout.

"If I find him vigilant and wakeful I will let him have his watch below," he muttered gently, the dark, pleading eyes of his wife haunted his mind.

"Hallos! He is asleep?" added the skipper, as he approached the form seated in the boat.

In fact, the head of the "lookout" was bowed, and the deep breathing that saluted the captain was indicative of profound slumber.

Barton's quick temper was at once aroused. He sprang toward the dimly revealed form in the boat, climed into the vessel and reached at the slepper, intending to give him an unmerciless shaking.

But at that moment the ship plunged headly and in his haste the captain caught his foot against the boat mast, rolling it half out of the craft, and falling almost prostrate in the boat.

As he fell his outstretched hand struck violently against the back of the slumberer, who, thus pushed over the gunwale, struck against the mast, which at once dropped into the sea.

The young lookout went with it, pitching headformost into the dark waters.

"Man overboard!" shrieked the captain, in dismay, as he staggered to his feet. "Lively there; back the mainyard and down with the boat!" he added, leaping to the deck.

But just then a loud, buzzing noise was heard. Struck by a sudden and, terrific gale, the ship went over on her beam ends and tore through the waters, with the spray sweeping her fore and after.

An attempt was made to lower the boat, but it was dashed to fragments against the ship's side.

"Lost! The boy is lost!" groaned the captain. "What will she say when she hears of it that I pushed her brother overboard?"

Hours passed and he walked the deck like a madman. By this time the storm had abated.

"I cannot tell Mabel—I cannot tell her yet! She will learn the dreadful truth soon enough!" muttered the wretched man.

Not long after the dim light of coming dawn struggled through the gloom. A solemn look rested on the faces of the sailors. Every eye was turned toward the miserable captain.

All at once from the steerage emerged a slender youth. The captain stood aghast. Then he started back with a terrible cry. It was Jack Wilton.

"What does this mean? Speak, speak!" he gasped. "I pushed you out of the longboat into the sea, and here——"

"What? O, Mr. Barton! What?" interrupted the youth turning as pale as death. "You don't mean—I—I—no, it was not I. My sister came and said she would take my place. She insisted, and putting on my hat and cloak, so that no person might guess that it was she, and sat down in the boat and sent me down below to sleep. You do not mean it?"

"What have I done?" screamed the miserable man, almost frantic. "I see now! It was my own wife I pushed overboard!"

He leaned against the rail for support. He wrung his hands and tore his hair.

But at length the captain became calmer, although his face was as ghostly as that of the dead. He wore ship and retraced his course toward the island, when within a mile of it he ordered a boat to be lowered.

He had it manned and was pulled to the beech. A group of wild islanders stood there.

"I want my wife!" cried the captain.

"Wife? What mean? inquired one of the savages who could speak a little English.

"She fell overboard last night, but she was a good swimmer and I think she must have reached the beach," said the skipper confidently.

"Me not see her," said the savage.

"She is here! I am sure of it!" insisted the captain.

"Mad! mad! muttered the mate, who had accompanied him.

All that day the skipper searched about the island for his wife, but no sign of her could be found. The moment he reached the ship Barton, he was stricken down with a raging fever.

When he recovered he was a mere wreck of his former self, but his mind had recovered from the shock it had received. He could not talk in a rational manner about his wife.

"She is lost! Lost! But I will soon join her," he said mournfully. "I am not long for this world."

In due time the ship reached Java, the port of her destination. The vessel was not long anchored when the skipper went below and took from a pantry some prussic acid with which he intended to put an end to his wretched life.

He was about raising it to his lips when a light form descended the companion steps. He turned, still holding the cup, to behold a most unexpected vision.

For a moment he stared wildly, as if looking at a ghost. It was his wife—his own beautiful wife—he saw before him!

A wild cry escaped him, and the two rushed into each other's arms. Then from the deck there rose a cheer that seemed to split the very skies. The crew had seen Mrs. Barton when she came aboard from a shore boat.

Explanations were soon made by the happy wife. The moment she struck the the water on that night when she fell overboard she awoke, and instinctively throwing out her arms she had touched the boat mast, which had fallen with her.

To this mast she clung. Her skill as a swimmer assisted her in keeping her position. She was carried past the island. Ahead of her approaching, she beheld a small schooner. It passed so near her that by shooting she attracted the attention of the crew.

A boat was lowered and she was picked up half senseless. As soon as she could speak she told her story, but she could not make hereself understood by the wild crew, who were natives of some neighboring island and did not understand a word of English. At dawn she looked about her, but owing, probably, to an intervening headland, she could not see her husband's ship.

The schooner kept on and in a few days arrived at Rennell's island, and there, to Mrs. Barton's joy, she found a small steamer bound for Java. She took passage aboard of it and thus arrived at that port forty-eight hours before her husband.

A happy day for the captain. For Jack Wilton, too, who again and again embraced his noble sister. From that hour Barton was never known to give way to a hasty temper.

PENNSYLVANIA BRAIN PRODUCTS.

The following is a list of patents issued to Pennsylvania inventors.

Reported from the Office of Patrick O'Farrell, solicitor of patents, Washington, D.C.

Thomas W. Bartholomew, Danville; filling indicator for lamps.

David Bowen, Butler; device for drawing casings from deep wells.

Thomas J. Bradberry, Sharpsburg; retaining bar for molding flasks.

James Clabby, assignor of one-half to F. Miller, Jeannette; combined flattening and annealing oven.

Charles A. Eisenhart, York; insulator pin and bracket machine.

William S. Halsey, Allentown; steam hydraulic crane.

Daniel A. Holstman, Myerstown; perpetual calender. James C. Loughry, Greensburg; cracker-box.

Joseph M. Maurer, Washington; obstetrical and examination sterrup.

Thomas McAdam, Ferndale; snow plow.

Benjamin D. Morrell, Pittsburg; portable folding cot.

Rowley K. Ortt, and M. A. Shearer, Norristown; railway coach vestibule.

James Pollock, Wilkesbarre; conveyor chain.

Louis Schneider, Williamsport; keyhole guard.

Sidney W. Steinner, Norristown; nonconducting composition of matter for covering steam pipes, boilers or other surfaces.

George Woodward, Bradford; tool for oil wells.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Ripans Tabules are always ready.

A HUNDRED TO ONE FOR PROTECTION.

It is a common assumption of the "tariff reformers" that a "tariff for revenue only" would especially benefit New York, in view of the fact that that city is the great importing center of the United States. That this assumption is entirely without foundation is shown by the statistics presented by Mr. Joseph Nimmo, Jr., in his recent forcible argument for the protection of New York industries before the Ways and Means Committee. By reference to the census figures of 1890 Mr. Nimmo demonstrated that the wages paid to labor engaged in manufactories in New York and Brooklyn during that year amounted to $290,512,997, while the total sum paid on account of labor in the importing business of New York was only $2,700,000.

The gain to the New York workmen in handling the increased volume of foreign goods which the revenue tariff would bring into this country would be infinitesimal. The loss to him by the stoppage of the domestic industries that now distribute nearly a million dollars in wages for every working day in the year would mean poverty and starvation. The interests of the metropolitan workman are a hundred to one in favor of protection! Whether he is a Republican or a democrat, every reduction of an essential duty by the Democratic majority in Congress is a blow aimed at his manhood, the comfort of his home and the well being of his wife and children!

The wonderful cures of thousands of people—they tell the story of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Cures.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.

Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets are not a substitute but a positive cure for the Tobacco or opium habit. Thousands testify to their efficiency. Ask your local druggist for them or write to the Ohio Chemical Co., Lima, Ohio.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

It never fails to cure—MANNERS double extract SARSAPARILLA. 50c. everywhere

A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

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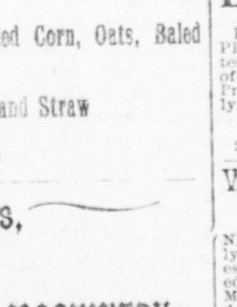

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The Vindication of Sister Burton.

By Sherly Weston Montague.

Miss Hollow had a grievance.

That of itself was nothing strange, for a village without such a dispensation is as hard to realize as the islands of the blessed.

As usual, it was a woman that was making all the trouble—John Burton's wife, she that was Lucy Moors.

She was apparently losing interest in those good enterprises with which she had so long been actively identified; she had not been to the social gatherings for weeks; she had been rather slack in her church attendance for a year or more; and now, it was actually two months if it was a day since she had shown her face at the Hollow, in church or out.

She was, therefore, apparently as indifferent to people as to principles.

To be sure, old Squire Burton had died, after a long illness, so long that the poor man almost thought the Lord had forgotten him; and when the bell tolled 90 years one day everybody experienced a genuine surprise.

Then Grandma Burton lost her mind and became a child again, a veritable old baby, that had to be dressed and fed and tied into her chair all day long—her own rocking chair, where she had sung many a lullaby in her time.

And John Burton's wife cared for her most tenderly night and day for months, and never said she was weary, or sick and tired of her life, as well she might have been.

The old woman woke with a joyful smile one morning, reached up both trembling hands—on one her wedding ring was shining—and crying out, "Oh, James, I am so glad," over the hills and far away she went, nobody knows where, to paradise.

And now, both old people having been—as everybody admitted—tenderly cared for in life, and piously buried at death, with a funeral sermon apiece, it did seem as if Sister Burton might get out into the world again and be like other folks; and, as she did not hurry, all sorts of speculations were rife.

Old Mrs. Brown thought likely she was low spirited; she had always been a little strange; came honestly by it, too, for one of her uncles on her mother's side died insane or insolvent, she couldn't rightly recollect which.

The widow Stanley hoped she didn't hurt her feelin's along of a remark she let drop about her bunnit. Such an unbecomin' thing as it was and made her look yaller as a saffron bag, too. She had gone so far as to wonder why sister Burton hadn't put on crape for the old folks, especially seein' they left John so well to do. For her part she thought Miss Burton was in duty bound to do it, and she just gave her a piece of her mind, too.

"Crape?" cried John Burton's wife, with wide open eyes. "I wear crape for them when they have just gone right into the Lord's own glory? Why, it is the best of all good things that could ever come to them. Dear, happy souls! I am so glad for them. It seems to me they must just be walking together all about holding hands."

"Just as if she knew what the Lord had laid out for them," said the shocked sister.

"It sounded like sheer blasphemy to me, and it just made my blood run cold to hear it. Them dead and gone folks was sinners just like the rest on us. Why, the old man himself was suspended from churchfellowship more'n sixty years ago for goin' to a sleighride where there was supper and dancin' to wind up with. Don't tell me! I know it for a fact; and it's on the church book now. And I've seen it, too."

The ladies' circle felt aggrieved.

For years Mrs. Burton had been the greatest worker of them all. They missed the piles of well made garments that fairly flew from under her slender fingers in days gone by.

And the stockings that woman had knit for the soldiers! Why, if they had been hung top to toe on the equator they would have reached half way round the globe.

'Yes, a great worker, they all admitted; and such a mystery that now, with no old folks and no children, and nothing in the world to do, she should all at once fold her hands and sit down; a young, healthy woman like her, too. What had she ever had to break her health?

By common consent there was no need of it, and no sense in it; and, as occasion offered, they all meant to tell her so.

The village schoolmaster, who boarded around, was not without his views. As he was the remote descendent of a clergyman he was supposed to have inherited theology with his Roman nose, and his opinions were received with profound respect.

He thought Mrs. Burton's religious views tended toward ultraism; he had heard her say she thought there were people outside the church who would go to heaven—even Melissa Barnes.

Poor Melissa. She was only 17. And Mrs. Burton had been a mother to her when the whole world frowned. And when she died—for she said, truly, that she could never hold up her head again—it was John Burton's wife who went with her down to the deep waters and gave her into the Lord's own hands, no doubt.

Some contended that she was an out-and-out Spiritualist because she had said, "How beautiful it was to think Grandpa Burton came back when grandma died. It seemed so much easier for the gentle soul to have him to go with her up to the golden gates."

The summer boarder at the postmaster's thought there might be a trace of Swedenborgianism in that. And as nobody really knew anything about such far away heresies it was all the more likely to be true.

The shepherd over this troubled flock was a young man, acting as temporary supply.

A newcomer, he had not met the offending Mrs. Burton, but so much had been said to him that he felt it to be a plain duty to preach a sermon on the sin of staying away from church. In the course of his remarks he mentioned an excuse sometimes urged by certain frivolous sisters—that they had no seasonable bonnet.

What he specially dwelt upon was the foolishness of committing so great a sin for so small an article—for it was a time when bonnets had suffered a partial eclipse, as it were, for his part, when a bonnet was so small one couldn't tell whether a sister was bareheaded or not, or whether she had it on wrong side to or not, and was trimmed so remarkably one could scarcely tell by the bonnet whether a sister was going out from church or coming in, he thought it made no difference whether the bonnet was in season or out of season.

All this, being aimed at Sister Burton, was lost, for, as usual, she was not at church.

Dr. Sims, being interviewed at every turn, said she was not ill, not as he knew of, so her last chance for mercy was gone. Only she lived so far from the Hollow nobody could conveniently investigate or remonstrate, for it was four miles or more, up hill all the way, a bad road except in midsummer, when it was delightful to creep up its cool and shady ways, where the blue harebell nodded and the wood thrush sung; but autumn found it muddy and disagreeable, and it was slippery and perilous in the winter snows.

Mr. Burton went down occasionally to the store and postoffice and sometimes to church, but even he was not as regular as he had been in his father's time.

And the elderly woman said, with a sigh, that was the way with children when the restraint was gone. Though, indeed, John Burton would hardly be classed with the young and giddy; a bashful man of 45, who had married the little schoolmistress a few years before.

To the oft repeated inquiries he always said: "Mrs. Burton would be down before long, he guessed." But the questioners thought he looked solemn and worried like, and it was surmised that there might be trouble at home; and family troubles, we all know, are second only to a church quarrel or a cabinet crisis.

It is rumored that some relative of Mrs. Burton had left her a large sum of money recently—some said $500, some $1,000. Nobody knew, but it was a large sum, anyway, and Mr. Burton couldn't touch a cent of it, either, unless she chose to let him—and folks knew he had long wanted to buy the Widder Cocksen's medder lot, and Mrs. Burton was dead set against it. She'd rather have it in the bank where she could lay her hands on it any time.

All these things having been duly commented on, the ladies of the social circle decided that Mrs. Burton ought to be interviewed: first, by the minister; second, by a committee of ladies; third, by the brethren, if she proved unmanageable by the others. So the minister, like a plenipotentiary, went with full powers to treat.

Unfortunately it was the week before Thanksgiving, and on that day he was to be married. He had meant to keep it secret, but he had confidentially mentioned it to the deacon's widow, with whom he boarded, and she had imparted it with equal confidence to a few choice friends, saying, "Of course Brother Swan would not mind if a few of the good sisters knew it."

For this reason it was thought Brother Swan's mind was more on the future than the present or past, for he really seemed to feel no interest in the Burtons. He only said he guessed she would come back with the birds in the spring.

So he packed his rusty portmanteau and whisked away for the wedding. But the ladies declared Mrs. Burton had just pulled wool over his eyes. What a shame! Such a nice young man, and the minister, too.

But then, it was just like a young man to be taken in by a pretty face, even if he were a minister. Some had always mistrusted that Mrs. Burton was a bit foxy.

In a happy moment they fell upon Aunt Sabrina Reed and implored her to pay Sister Burton a visit the very next time Mr. Burton came down.

She was a good little soul, Aunt Sabrina who lived alone; one of the Lord's own poor, always pinching herself in small ways to help on the charities of Moss Hollow.

"I can't do much," she said to herself, "but I can use poor tea and cheap molasses and go without butter. If the good Lord had only made me like them small cherubs in the minister's picture, all head and wings, and no stomach to fill how handy it would be, and so economical!"

But, alas! her appetite always seemed to grow in proportion as her means decreased. As for Sister Burton—poor, dear lamb—Aunt Sabrina had known trouble herself, and she was glad of the chance to go; and she could come back easy enough, she said, if they didn't want her.

She filled her carpetbag with some of her choicest herbs, took an old dress and wore her best bombazine that had been willed to her by her great aunt in Dracut and set forth cheerfully with Brother Burton, who, all unsuspecting her secret mission, was heartily glad of her company.

It was two weeks before the annual meeting of the circle, and Aunt Sabrina was expected to return and make a report. But Aunt Sabrina, having ascended to the upper regions in the flesh, came back no more than Elijah of old.

When Mr. Burton finally appeared at the postoffice he said they were enjoying Aunt Sabrina's visit first rate and he guessed she would stop with them quite a spell.

Poor Aunt Sabrina! She had never been so comfortable in her life. She had a warm little bedroom off in the sitting room, with a sunny south window full of blossoming plants; a soft bed—oh, how soft to her poor old bones, a rag carpet, to look cheerful to old eyes; a great, deep, cozy rocking chair, and a generous, open fireplace, with a cheery fire all day.

Why, it was like heaven to her, she said, over and over again, with happy tears in her faded eyes; and there was no more cheap molasses nor weak tea. And what good naps she had in the capacious rocking chair!

But, of course, the ladies felt that this was adding the last straw to their burden. It was resolved, therefore, to send a committee of good and wise men to deal with all three. Mr. Burton himself having now fallen under the ban of suspicion, as his wife and Sister Sabrina Reed.

It was fearful traveling. The snow had fallen and fallen and fallen again, until the roads were almost impassable. Fences were blotted out, leaving here and there black spots, where the tops of the posts appeared like a line of floating buoys on the sea.

Somebody had floundered through with an ox team, and a freeze having followed the tracks of the oxen were hardened into many an icy pitfall, so that it was as much as one's life was worth to travel over the place where the road had been, and it was with some misgivings that the three good and wise men started on their perilous errand.

They had all been made thoroughly aware of Sister Burton's alleged shortcomings—there was really no room for further conjecture, and they therefore refreshed their minds with various agricultural matters as they toiled along—such as the merits of triangular churns as compared with round ones, prospects of maple sugar and winter wheat, and some forebodings on the subject of oleomargarine, varied occasionally by one or more of them jumping out to balance the sleigh or to lead the horse over some dangerous place in the steep and slippery path.

They were rather tired, too, and were all well pleased when the cozy red farm house appeared, still at some distance away over the hills, shining in the afternoon sun like a beacon fire.

They turned then somewhat doubtfully to the matter in hand. Mr. Jones being the senior member, it was decidedly his place to open the subject to the family, while Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were to be the Aaron and Hur to stay his hands with appropriate remarks as they might seem to be required.

At last, all being arranged, they rode with becoming gravity to the offending house. Brother Burton had seen them toiling upwards for the last ten minutes. He met them with a cheerful face, although a little flushed, as though conscious of their errand and his own impending doom.

The good brethren thought among themselves that possibly he was secretly glad to have some sympathy and friendly counsel.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burton, mindful of hospitality, put their tired horse into the barn and gave him a generous feed of oats. Then he ushered them into the sunny kitchen, where the table was spread as if for company and the oven gave forth a savory smell of roast meat; but Mrs. Burton and Aunt Sabrina were nowhere to be seen. Doubtless, aware of their shortcomings, they had retreated to the uttermost limit of some interior apartment, and were tremblingly waiting to be summoned forth and dealt with.

"Take your things right off, brethren," said Mr. Burton, heartily. "Why, how pleasant this is; you are just in time for supper."

"We have come," said Brother Jones, not to be diverted from his errand, solemnly opening the meeting, "to inquire for Sister Burton and our Sister Sabrina Reed. They have been somewhat remiss of late."

"Oh, yes—yes, to be sure! Take some seats, brethren, said Mr. Burton, rather flurriedly, offering the corpulent brother his wife's chair, which was altogether too small for him.

"My wife—oh, yes—well—er—the fact is—er—I guess I'll call Sister Sabrina," and he darted out of the room, his broad face beaming like the full moon at harvest time, while the three rusty black coats sat in a row, eying the table as three hungry crows might survey a freshly planted cornfield in April.

The door swung slowly open, as though pulled by unwilling hands. Instead of Sister Burton—whom they expected to see like a weeping willow on a monumental stone—Sister Sabrina Reed appeared, waxed almost fat with her good living, flushed and smiling—actually smiling in their faces.

The brethren started to their feet, and, if they had had time they would have been amazed and displeased at such brazen conduct.

But what? How is this? She was bringing something to the table; not a turkey, nor even a goose, nor a chicken—a lamb, rather, by the soft bleat.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Brother Jones, leading the remarks as prearranged.

"Heavens and earth!" cried Brother Smith, in his capacity as Aaron.

"Oh, mercy sakes!" ejaculated Brother Brown, as Hur mopped his with his red and yellow bandana.

All three at once. "It's a baby!"

"Sister Sabrina looked back over her shoulder and still mysteriously smiling, said, "You'd better come right out, Brother Burton."

And so, while their amazement was still at white heat, Brother Burton emerged, red and perspiring, but radiant, with—a second bundle wrapped in flannel like the first; and if any doubts had been experienced as to the nature of its contents two simultaneous cries from two small throats settled the question then and there and Sister Burton was vindicated.

"Good conscience!" cried Brother Jones. "It's twins!"

"O Lord, what fools!" exclaimed Brother Smith.

While Brother Brown fell in with the Doxology, "The Lord be praised!"

"You see how it is, brethren," said Mr. Burton, deprecatingly, his face glowing like a double heated furnace, giving the child an awkward swing as he spoke, and putting its life in imminent peril. "And she says," he continued, jerking his thumb over against the bedroom door, "that she hopes you'll all overlook it this time, and now, just set right down to supper."

That was some time ago, but Sister Sabrina still inhabits the sunny bedroom, and out of the old carpetbag of herbs she prepares many a healing draught for the Burton twins.

While Parson Swan, in his distant parish, smiles softly to himself sometimes, when he thinks of his first case of church discipline and the vindication of Sister Burton.

SWINGING AROUND THE CIRCLE

Of the diseases to which it is adapted with the best results, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a family medicine, comprehensive in its scope, has never been thrust upon public attention in the guise of a universal panacea for bodily ills. This claim, daily arrogated in the columns of the daily press by the proprietors of medicines far inferior to it as specifics, has in a thousand instances disgusted the public in advance by its absurdity, and the prospects of other remedies of superior qualities have been handicapped by the pretensions of their worthless predecessors. But the American people know, because they have verified the fact by the most trying tests, that the Bitters possesses the virtues of a real specific in cases of malarial and liver disorder, constipation, nervous, rheumatic, stomach and kidney trouble. What it does it does thoroughly, and mainly for this reason it is indorsed and recommended by hosts of respectable medical men.

BREAD AND OPPORTUNITY.

"It will take a long time," says General R. A. Alger "to revive languishing manufacturing industries. The first consideration in these hard times is bread for people to eat and the opportunity to earn it. I have been struck by two things during the past summer. One was the disposition of the debtor class to meet obligations promptly and the forbearance of the creditor class. We have money and everything necessary for prosperity except confidence. A wiser Administration than the present one can alone give us this."

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warner, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

Bogus! Bogus white lead would have no sale did it not afford makers a larger profit than Strictly Pure White Lead.

The wise man is never persuaded to buy paint that is said to be "just as good" or "better" than

Strictly Pure White Lead

The market is flooded with spurious white leads. The following analyses, made by eminent chemists, of two of these misleading brands show the exact proportion of genuine white lead they contain:

Misleading Brand

"Standard Lead Co. Strictly Pure White Lead. St. Louis."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Barytes	59.36 per cent.	Regis Chauvenet
Oxide of Zinc	34.18 per cent.	& Bro.,
White Lead	6.46 per cent.	St. Louis.

Less than 7 per cent. white lead.

Misleading Brand

"Pacific Warranted Pure [A] White Lead."

Materials	Proportions	Analyzed by
Sulphate of Lead	4.13 per cent.	Ledoux & Co.,
Oxide of Zinc	45.04 per cent.	New York.
Barytes	50.83 per cent.	

No white lead in it.

You can avoid bogus lead by purchasing any of the following brands. They are manufactured by the "Old Dutch" process, and are the standards:

"Armstrong & McKelvy" "Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock" "Davis-Chambers"

For sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York.

Pittsburgh Branch,

National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania, Pittsburgh, Pa.

You and Your Children

It is a wonderful remedy, which is alike beneficial to you and your children. Such is *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It checks wasting in the children and produces sound, healthy flesh. It keeps them from taking cold and it will do the same for you

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, **Colds, Consumption,** Scrofula and **all Anaemic and** Wasting Diseases. **Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.

I KEEP COOL

inside, outside, and all the way through, by drinking

HIRES' Root Beer

This great Temperance drink; is as healthful, as it is pleasant. Try it.

ANTI-STIFF

IS A MARVELLOUS PREPARATION FOR

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, STIFF NECK, SORE THROAT, BRUISES, AND SPRAINS.

Rub well into the affected part, and you will soon be convinced of its efficacy.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

WHOLESALE, E. FOUGERA & CO., NEW YORK.

Small box, 20 cents; Medium, 35 cents; Large, $1.00.

24-38-21mos

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 653 Bdw., N. Y. 14-41

Road Grading Machinery

The Champion Road Grader has fulfilled all the claims made for its superior capacity. The Supervisors of Union Township purchased one during the spring of 1892, with which they have made the most improved public roads in Centre county. Prior to this year the Supervisors were required to assess six mills road taxes—this year, 1893, they assessed four mills, next year, 1894, they propose to assess three mills road taxes and improve their roads more than they did with six mills road taxes before they purchased their Champion Road Grader from Messrs. McCalmont & Co. Formerly the tax payers had to do the work with shovels and picks, now the horses do the most of the work.

Champion Rock Crusher.

The Champion Rock Crusher has no equal or competitor, when we compare the quantity of stone crushed in one day, seventy to eighty tons, with the power required to operate it—for the proof of which, we refer those interested or who may want to buy a stone crusher to improve their public roads, to the supervisors and tax payers of Walker twp. Centre Co., Pa., as well as to S. D. Tice, a contractor of Howard, and Wallace White, a contractor of Spring township, Centre Co., Pa., who crushes stone for for macadamizing streets and turnpikes.

Champion Road Roller

After your roads and streets are macadamized, the Champion Road Roller, operated by horses, can be used to great advantage in rolling down the loose stone to make the road smooth. Those in want of Road Machinery will promote their own interest by inspecting the above machinery before purchasing.

Further information, as to prices and merit, will be furnished on application.

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Robt. McCalmont, } Managers. 24-23-6m

WHITES - - - -

Canada Thistle - - Exterminator.

FACTORY AT BELLEFONTE, PA., IN WHAT IS KNOWN AS THE BELLEFONTE CAR WORKS.

This is a discovery that is destined to prove a blessing to every farmer and land owner.

Whites Canada Thistle Exterminator is a preparation discovered and put on the market by Samuel White, of Bellefonte, Pa. A tablespoonful of this preparation placed on a thistle will kill every stalk so treated in five days from the top of the ground to the extreme length of the root. This has been proven by actual experiment. If applied according to directions furnished with every lot sold it is guaranteed to do the work. A number of Centre county land owners have given the Exterminator a thorough trial, among whom are Brockerhoff Bros. and W. Fred Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds has instructed his farmers to get as much as is needed to exterminate this pest from all of his farms.

PRICE PER BUSHEL, $2.50, OR $5 FOR BAG OF TWO BUSHELS.

Factory at Bellefonte Car Works. Orders addressed to Samuel White, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention. Terms CASH on receipt of goods. Isaac Haupt authorized agent.

SAMUEL WHITE.

24-23-3m

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef[illegible] Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Telephone connection.

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Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.

23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES McCLELLAN.

10-tf.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.

YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

"3000 PARCELS OF MAIL" FREE

FOR 10 1-CENT STAMPS (regular price 25c.) your address if received within 10 days will be for 1 year neatly printed on gummed labels. Only Directory guaranteeing 125,000 customers; from publishers and manufacturers you'll receive, probably, thousands of valuable books, papers, samples, magazines, etc. All free and each parcel with one of your printed address labels pasted thereon. EXTRA! We will also print and prepay postage on 500 of your label addresses to you; which stick on your envelopes, books, etc., to prevent their being lost. J. A. Wann, of Reidsville, N. C., writes: "From my 25 cent address in your Lightning Directory I've received my 500 address labels and over 3000 Parcels of Mail. My addresses you scattered among publishers and manufacturers, are arriving daily, on valuable parcels of mail from all parts of the World."

WORLD'S FAIR DIRECTORY CO., No. 113 Girard & Fairmont Avenues Philadelphia Pa

24-27-6m

Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Paul Sternberg left last Monday morning, for Seattle Washington.

—The hunting season for deer opened last Sunday. It will close on December 15th.

—Last evening (Wednesday) at half past seven o'clock William Rhinesmith and Miss Della Hull were married at the home of the bride on South Allegheny street.

—The Black Hussar, by the Gilbert Opera Company, next Monday night. Take your family, friend or sweetheart to see it, and youiwill never regret the expense.

—On Thursday and Friday, October 12th and 13th, the Bucktails or First Rifles will be entertained by the citizens of Williamsport. It will be their sixth annual gathering.

—Jacob Brungart of Miles township, died a few days ago. He was eighty years old and leaves six sons and three daughters all grown to be men and women. The funeral was on Saturday, Sept 23.

—Last Monday morning a little child of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lose, who live on North Water street, fell into the creek which runs by their home. A Mr. Shuey, a brother of C. C. Shuey, was passing at the time and rescued the little one from a watery grave.

—Eighteen young ladies in Milesburg have formed a society called the "Young Ladie's Pleasure Club" and propose to hold a series of parties. Miss Meda Boggs will give the first entertainment next Friday evening (to-morrow). It promises to be a very pleasant affair.

—Bellefonters have long been wanting an opportunity to see a good opera in this city. Their desires will soon be gratified, as on next Monday evening the Gilbert Opera company in the Black Hussar, will appear in Garman's opera house. Tickets now on sale. Secure your seats early and avoid the rush.

—A few days ago a little girl at Tyrone was missed by her parents. They made search for her at once and when found she was playing with a copperhead snake, rubbing a stick up and down its back to the apparent satisfaction of his snakeship. The reptile was killed and found to measure three feet in length.

—Last Monday morning B. A. Beck, one of the most popular barbers and hairdressers packed his little grip and with his good wife for company started to see the great show at Chicago. Mr. Beck has ample means and no doubt will see all that it is to be seen in the time he is there. He will return October 10th.

—Last Monday at eleven o'clock at night Mrs. William Irvin, of Jacksonville, died after a lingering illness of three years. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and very earnest in all church work. She leaves a husband, one son and six daughters. The funeral took place last Thursday morning at 10 o'clock.

—Edith, infant daughter of Benjamin Fulton, died last Saturday and was buried on Sunday. The child was one of the twins that was born early in the summer. The mother died soon after giving them birth. One child soon followed and now the other has gone. Every effort was made to prolong their lives but without avail.

—On Thursday, Sept 21, Mr. Harry C. Woodring and Miss Sadie Frantz, of Port Matilda, were united in marriage in the Presbyterian church of that place, Rev. Geo. Elliot, of Bellefonte officiating. A large number of friends and relatives were present. Many beautiful presents were given to the bridal pair. They left on the afternoon train for a wedding trip.

—Last Thursday at noon, at the home of the bride's parents at Centre Hall, Harry Boone, of Massachusetts, was united in mariage to Miss Bulah Brisbin, eldest daughter of B. D Brisbin, the postmaster at Centre Hall. The ceremony was performed in the presence of a few relatives and invited guests, some of whom were from Bellefonte. The bride has acted as postmistress for her father for several years past. She is a bright and intelligent lady and has many friends. After the wedding the young couple departed for an extended wedding trip.

—Last Sunday morning at half-past three o'clock, Mrs. James Muholland, ended her sufferings in death. For a year she has been in feeble health. At times hopes of her recovery have been entertained by her friends but such was not to be, she grew worse and died as above stated. She was 64 years, 10 months and 14 days old, a member of the Methodist church, and very devout in her reverence and love for her church and her redeemer. She leaves a husband, two sons and four daughters, viz: William, of Clearfield; R. W. of Altoona; Mrs. Andrew Stover, of Curwensville; Mrs. J. C. Brachbill, of Hughesville; Mrs. C. C. Shuey, of Bellefonte and Mrs. S. B. Riling, of Altoona. The funeral took place last Tuesday at two o'clock from her late residence on Thomas street. Rev. W. A. Houck, of the M. E. church of this place, officiating.

THE LUTHERAN SYNOD.

DOINGS OF THAT BODY IN THIS PLACE DURING THE PAST WEEK.

The 40th annual session of the Central Pennsylvania Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church, which comprises the counties of Snyder, Perry, Mifflin, Juniata, Centre, and parts of Union and Clinton, convened in the New Lutheran church, this place, last Wednesday evening. Rev. G. W. Leisher, D. D., of Duncannon, President of Synod, preached the Synodical sermon. On Thursday morning the Synod general was opened with a half-hour's devotional service led by J. C. Reighard, after which President Leisher called the Synod to order and read his report for the previous year. The President's report showed progress in all branches of church work. Four new churches and one chapel had been erected and dedicated within the bounds of the Synod; several churches remodeled and two parsonages built.

At the conclusion of his report Rev. Leisher announced the election of a president in order and Rev. J. A. Earnest was elected. W. F. Steck was elected Secretary and W. T. Horton treasurer. Secretary C. T. Aikens read his report and the Synod adjourned until afternoon.

In the afternoon President Earnest appointed his standing committees, twenty-seven in all. Acting treasurer G. W. Leisher read his report. Amount of all money's collected during the past year for benevolence was $7,347.42, an increase of about $1,000. The balance on hand is $826.30. A vote of thanks was tendered Rev S. E. Smith for his comprehensive statistical table in last year's minutes. The report of the Tressler Orphan's home at Loysville was read. During the year there were educated at the home 120 children at a cost of $17,000. Applications for admission are coming in continually but the home is full. On the adjournment of Synod at 4.30 the ministers went into secret session to consider the case of treasurer W. H. Diven, of Newport, who was charged with embezzling the Synod funds.

Thursday evening Rev. W. D. E. Scott preached the annual sermon on Missions. Addresses were also made by Rev, A. S. Hartman on home Missions, and Dr. George Scholl, on foreign Missions.

FRIDAY'S SESSION.

Friday forenoon the Synod was in secret session all the time considering Diven's case.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

The report of the committee on the acceptance of the organization at Spring Mills as a charge and integral part of the Cennre Hall circuit was favorable. After considerable discussion the Synod voted to accept the church.

The committee on the Hyndman appeal reported negatively. Rev. J. B. Focht read the report of the delegates to the General Synod at Canton, Ohio. Adopted. Revs. G. W. Leisher, of Duncannon, Ed Everett Hoshour, Bellefonte, J. B. Focht, Lewistown, and Messrs. Clement Dale, Bellefonte, J. G. Holdeman, of Thompsontown were elected directors of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

Rev. Charles Fickinger, New Bloomsfield, and Messrs. John Fleisher and J. B. Hall were elected trustees of the Tressler Orphans' Home.

The committee on the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society reported $1,216.16 collected for that purpose during the year, an increase of $136.62.

On a vote of Synod it was unanimously decided to hold the next session at Lewistown, the last Wednesday in September, 1894. The report of the committee on Northern Conference was then read and adopted.

Friday evening Rev. J. A. Earnest, D. D., preached a sermon on Education, after which Synod again went into executive session on the Diven case and was in session until after midnight, before a settlement of the knotty question was effected.

SATURDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

The time of Saturday forenoon was taken up almost entirely with hearing and passing upon the reports of the various minor committees, and the adopting of the President's report on the treasurer question. Saturday afternoon Rev. A. H. Spangler preached the preparatory sermon, after which a short business session was held at which the chief thing was hearing and adopting the report of the committee on beneficiary education. Saturday evening Rev. J. B. Focht preached a sermon on Systematic Beneficence.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

At 10.30 a. m., the communion sermon was preached by Rev. H. C. Holloway, D. D., after which Holy Sacrament was administered. In the afternoon a children's meeting was held at which addresses were made by Rev. W. H. Schock and Rev. W. F. Steck. In the evening Rev. C. L. McConnell preached the ordination sermon, and the following young men were ordained ministers and received into the synod: W. S. Wagner, E. E. Blint and Geo. H. Reen. The class of licentiates now in college is as follows: J. M. Axe, Edward J. Wolf, W. C. Dunlap, W. S. Oberholtzer, J. M. Guss, Charles F. Sanders, George Courtney and Mr. Yearick.

THE LAST SESSION—MONDAY.

The last session of Synod was held Monday morning. The business was simply the hearing and adopting of the few remaining reports. A committee was appointed to confer with committees from other conferences to make arrangements and devise means for the erection of a home for aged and worn out ministers and to make report at the next meeting of Synod.

The report of the committee on parochical support brought out the following facts: There are in the Central Pennsylvania Synod 46 ministers, 87 churches, with a valuation of $419,321.25, and a communicant membership of 8784, a net increase over preceding year of 244. Last year there were 696 accessions to the church. The church collected for benevolence $8,320.88, and for pastoral support and local expenses $42,849.98, a total of $51,270.86. In the Synod there are 71 Lutheran and 22 Union Sunday Schools, with 1297 officers and teachers and 10,376 scholars. They collected for benevolence $1,902.06 and for support $5,489.86, a total of $7,391.92, making a grand total of all money collected in the Synod district $58,662.78. Synod adjourned at 12.30 *sine die* to meet at Lewistown next September, after passing a resolution of thanks to the citizens of Bellefonte for their kind hospitality.

THE DIVEN CASE.

W. H. Diven, of Newport, charged with embezzling Synod funds, was found guilty of embezzlement and deposed from the ministry. Diven is about 65 years of age, the third oldest minister in the Synod, and has held the office of Synod treasurer for 20 years or more. About six months ago, or longer, a crookedness in his accounts was discovered and President Leisher took his books and appointed a committee for investigation. The committee as it reported at this Synod, found that for years Mr. Diven had been systematically appropriating Synod funds to his own use and covering up his tracks by means of false entries and irregular vouchers. These, with his plausible mode of speech, he always succeeded in getting through the annual auditing committee. According to the report of the committee Mr. Diven succeeded in getting away with about $9,800 of church money before he was found out. Owing to his advanced age and general feebleness no legal prosecution will be made; but Diven has agreed to surrender all his property, consisting of a farm, etc., to make good as far as possible the shortage, and he further promised to use his best endeavor to make entire and full restitution. When this shall have been done the Synod passed a resolution to restore him to the ministerial ranks from which he has so ungraciously fallen.

BOARD OF TRADE.

At the meeting of the Bellefonte Board of Trade last week Col. William Shortlidge was chosen as president pro tem, the regular official James Harris, Esq., not being present. Clement Dale, the secretary, was in his place, having just returned from a trip to the World's Fair.

The committee on manufacturers was empowered to issue a large number of pamphlets and such other printed matter as they may deem necessary to show to investors the advantages of Bellefonte as a location for business. Mr. J. W. Gephart, superintendent of construction of the Central Pennsylvania railroad, made some interesting remarks in relation to that new enterprise which is of so much concern to the people of this town and county. The American Express agent was in town and made arrangements to open an office. Mr. Gephart further said that the present prospect was that christmas goods could be shipped over the new line; that three different mileage books could be bought for use over this line—over Philadelphia & Reading, the Beech Creek, the Rochester and Pittsburg. That these books would be good for the person owning the book, or any member of his family, or for an employee which would mean, we suppose, that they are good for the possessor whoever he might be until they are rode out. The members of the board are confident that they will be able to induce many industries to settle here as soon as the advantage of competing lines is in operation.

THE EAGLES AT OSCEOLA.

The sixth annual convention of the Knights of the Golden Eagle for the counties of Blair, Clearfield and Centre met at Osceola last Thursday. The meeting of the delegates was preceded by a fine street parade, after which a public meeting was held in the park where an address of welcome was delivered by Chief Burgess Shillingford and response made by A. C. Lyttle, of Altoona, followed by an address by Grand Chief F. A. Harris. H. A. Hoy, M. D., of Bellefonte, in behalf of the convention, presented Millheim castle No. 383, with an elegant silk banner they having had the largest percentage of membership and mileage at last year's session, which met in Bellefonte. The delegates then adjourned to the Odd Fellows' hall where the business of the convention was attended to. It was unanimously decided to meet on the first Thursday in September, 1894, in Altoona. A. C. Lyttle was elected president and Dr. C. H. Closson, secretary. Osceola was crowded with Eagles and friends. The town was handsomely decorated—the finest we have ever witnessed in the central part of Pennsylvania.

—John Brian, an old soldier of Bellefonte, has started a little store on Thomas street. Although John is in feeble health he cannot endure being entirely idle and so has taken this light duty upon himself as much to pass away the time as anything. He has cigars, tobacco and some fruit and provisions. He sells cheap for cash.

HUNTINGDON PRESBYTERY.

Transacts Business in Bellefonte This Week What was Done.

The regular fall meeting of the Huntingdon Presbytery convened in Bellefonte bresbyterian church at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning with moderator Rev. R. M. Wallace, D. D., of Milroy, in the chair. The roll call showed about 90 per cent. of the 58 ministers present, but the ruling elders were scarce. Rev. J. W. Bain, of first church, Altoona, was elected moderator for the ensuing year; Rev. S. S. Bergen recording clerk, and John Clark secretary.

On motion of Rev. H. G. Furbay Dr. S. M. Moore, of Tyrone, was placed on the honorably retired list.

Secretary John Clark read the minutes of the last regular and intervening special sessions which were approved as read. The moderator then appointed his committees for the session, and Presbytery adjourned until afternoon.

The first business in the afternoon was the request of Rev. E. P. Forseman to withdraw from the Huntingdon Presbytery to join with the Kittanning. Granted.

Rev. Charles Herron asked that the pastoral relations existing between him and the church at Curwensville be dissolved, as he wishes to spend the winter in school at Edinburg, Scotland. So ordered.

The list of standing committee for the year was then read by the committes appointed to make them out.

After considerable discussion a resolution, that a visitation committee be appointed for the coming winter season, passed Presbytery and a committee was appointed, to formulate the plan.

A request from the church at Juniata for $1000 to assist them in the erection of a new church, was granted and referred to the building committee.

At 3 o'clock the retiring moderator, Rev. R. M. Wallace, preached the opening sermon and in the evening Rev. Furbay, of Tyrone, preached the regular missionary sermon.

WEDNESDAY'S SESSION.

Presbytery opened yesterday morning with an hours devotional service led by Rev. D. M. Campbell. At ten o'clock the moderator took the chair and the election of commissioners to the general Synod at Easton took place. Rev. William Laurie, D. D., as minister, and Hon. A. O. Furst, as Elder, were elected from Bellefonte. Rev. J. G. Turner was elected to preach the next missionary sermon and Rev. Decker was appointed his alternate. The committee on visitation made its report and read the list of ministers assigned to visit the various churches during the coming season. Governor Beaver read the report of the Systematic Beneficence committee. He said: In the Presbytery there are 75 Churches, only 44 of which contributed to all the benevolent causes. The total amount contributed was $23,659, an average of $2.32 per member. This sum is an increase of $5,591 over last year and $325,4 over the average for the past five years. The committee recommended the adoption of a more systematic course of giving. Say 5 cents a week per member which, with the 10,188 members in the Presbytery, would amount to over $26,000 per year. The remainder of the day was entirely taken up with reports of the various minor committees until four o'clock in the afternoon when, the docket being clear, Presbytery adjourned to meet in Clearfield the second Monday in April next at 7 o'clock in the evening.

THAT INJUNCTION CASE.

The case of the Pennsylvania railroad and the Bald Eagle Valley railroad for an injunction to restrain the Nittany Valley railroad company, the Valentine Iron Co., and J. W. Gephart from diverting the traffic of the Nittany Valley railroad to other lines than the Bald Eagle and Pennsylvania railroads came up before court, Judge Furst presiding, last Monday morning at ten o'clock. Both parties were represented by their counsels. A large number of citizens were present to listen to and watch the proceedings. The counsel for the Pennsylvania railroad asked the court to make an order allowing them to withdraw the application for a preliminary injunction and brought in the paper for the court to sign. The defendants were ready for trial and wanted the matter settled at once. Judge Orvis offered to demur at once to the bill and have the argument in the afternoon, to which the Attorney for the Pennsylvania did not agree. Mr. J. W. Gephart, one of the defendants, addressed the court and said that no extraordinary delay should be allowed in bringing the case to a speedy close. He stated that this litigation was part of a scheme by the Pennsylvania Company to intimidate and brow-beat the stockholders of the Nittany Valley Company from building the new road; and that the public generally had no idea of the petty schemes which the Pennsylvania Company had resorted to all summer to intimidate the people interested in the new railroad, and to prevent its completion. He insisted the defendants were ready for the issue, and that they did not wish the Court should allow the hearing to be delayed unneccessarily. A bill of demurrer will be filed in a few days when the court will fix a special day to hear the argument on the bill as filed.

—Contracts have been given out for the building of the depots at all the stations on the Central Pennsylvania railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall. The stations at Zion, Hecla, Hublersburg and Kriders will be built by the Phoenix Plaining mill company. Those at Nittany, Huston, Lamar and Clintondale by P. B. Crider and son. They will be neat, substantial structures, the interior neatly finished. There will be two waiting rooms, one for ladies the other for gentlemen. Each will have a freight and baggage room attached. The station at Bellefonte is not given out, but plans and specifications are being prepared which, when complete, will be ready for inspection for bids of contractors.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

W. C. Cassidy, foreman of the *Gazette* office, returned from a visit at his old home in Canton, Ohio, last week.

George T. Bush, was away last week to a meeting of the National assembly of American Wheelmen at Buffalo, New York. He returned home last Wednesday.

Miss Winnifred Meek, youngest daughter of Senator Meek, started last Monday morning for New York where she will take a course in music with the best of teachers to instruct.

Mr. Earle C. Tuten, the polite and efficient manager of the famaous Eureka Grocery store, on High Street, Bellefonte, has concluded to go to Chicago and take in the World's Fair. He will leave Bellefonte for the White city about the 10th.

WENT OVER THE BANK.

Last Friday night John Brugger, of Unionville, with his sister started from Bellefonte to go home in a buggy drawn by a span of horses. It was nine o'clock and quite dark as they were passing along the pike past the residence of Frank McCoy. Here on one side rises the beautiful grounds of the McCoy property, on the other a steep bank almost perpendicular descending to the road bed of the Central Pennsylvania railroad, along which runs the murmuring waters of Spring creek. The distance from the pike to the ditch along side the railroad is a descent of thirty or forty feet. It was there they were riding along, the electric lights of the city were left behind making the darkness seem more intense. The horses drew too near the bank and one fell over the other from some instinct of self perservation stood firm. The lady and gentleman jumped in fright from the buggy. Only one horse went over, the vehicle and one horse remaining on the pike. The lady came to town for assistance. The horse was got up to the pike and driven into town. Strange to say the animal was found to be in a condition to go home, so the party made a second attempt which resulted in reaching home without further accident.

BOROUGH COUNCIL.

Last Monday evening was the regular meeting night for the council; all the members were present but one. The street committee reported the band stand removed from the diamond and some repairs to several streets. The water committee reported that repairs had been made to the wheel at the water works. The finance committee reported that the borough owed the treasurer, Mr. C. F. Cook, $1,489,16. The street committee were authorized to ascertain from the Electric light company at what price they would furhish 15 extrar arc lights and keep the lights burning all night. The Finance committee were requested to effect a settlement with the collector for 1891 duplicate. Oorders were ordered drawn for the following bills:

Water pay roll	$43.00
Bellefonte Fuel & Supply Co., coal	99 15
W. A. Lyon, tallow	6.50
Bellefonte Supply House, pipes	6.85
" " "	9.53
R. J. Shadd & Bro.	6.43
Jno. T. Noys Mfg. Co. (Coggs)	7.88
Electric Light	236.60
H. A. McKee & Bro. Supplies	35.98
Street pay ro	16.50
A. C Piper	2 00
Thomas Shaughency	12.75
Isaac Mitchell	12.50
	$495.67

MOSHANON ITEMS

Miss Susan M. Hanscom gave a pleasant birthday party to her young friends of Moshanon on Friday evening, Sept. 29. Among those present were Misses Susan and Ida Morton, Ada and Lizzie Fleming, Laura Hanscom, Rosa Yondis, Alma and Minnie Beightol, Mr. Cyrus Hanscom, Felix McGowan, Clarence St Clair, Clarence Weaver, James Pope, Arthur Yondis, William Howard and Milford Morton. Miss Susan was presented with a number of presents for which thanks to all.

On last Saturday night a young man concluded to go to see his girl. Instead of staying with her, however, he stayed with the old man. Young man, try and do better next time. Oh, Ho!

F. F.

DIED.

Sept. 27, 1893. Clay Alison Sprankle, aged 22 years, one month and 25 days. Deceased was a member of Castle No. 219, Knights of the Golden Eagle, which organization attended the funeral in a body. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. A. L. Hughes.

A BRIGHT SUCCESS.

The Gilbert Opera Company Presents the Black Hussar.

From the Harrisburg *Call*,

One of the largest audiences of the season was at the Opera House last evening to see the Gilbert Opera company present the Black Hussar. It was a memorable rendition in many ways, particularly so as its managers are Harrisburgers. The rendition closes the second week of the tour and the company will leave this city on an extended western trip with the proud satisfaction of having achieved a success that will be long remembered.

The company handled the difficult music of Millocker's bright work in an excellent manner. Solos, duetts, quartetts and ensembles were all sung and acted admirably, with Miss Addie Cora Reed, Chas. A. Gilbert, Fred Huntley and Geo. J. Williams making individual hits. The chorus was large, well drilled and appeared to advantage while the scenery and costumes were all that was promised. The dancing of charming Fleurette, in the last act caught the audience as no other act of that kind has ever done here. At the close of Miss Reed's excellently rendered solo in the second act, she was presented with a fine boquet of flowers.

This excellent Opera company will be in Bellefonte next Monday evening, Oct. 9th. Everybody will want to see it.

VALUE OF SCHOOL PROPERTY.

The value of school property in the several districts of Centre county, as reported to the Department of Public Instruction at Harrisburg by our county superintendent, is as follows:

NO.	NAME OF DIS'T.	ESTIMTED VALUE
1	Bellefonte	$50000
2	Benner	5000
3	Boggs	7500
4	Burnside	2500
5	Centre Hall	1800
6	College	10 00
7	Curtin	2500
8	Ferguson	12000
9	Gregg	15000
10	Haines	4200
11	Half Moon	6000
12	Harris	4500
13	Howard Boro	0 0
14	Howard	3500
15	Huston	3000
16	Liberty	5 0
17	Marion	2500
18	Miles	10 00
19	Milesburg	6000
20	Millheim	2 00
21	Patton	3700
22	Penn	2750
23	Philipsburg	50000
24	Potter	10 31
25	Rush	12000
26	Snow Shoe	5000
27	South Philipsburg	1500
28	Spring	1 9 0
29	Taylor	3000
30	Union	3000
31	Unionville	2000
32	Walker	100 0
33	Worth	3000
	Total value	$272.73

M'CLELLAN—ROBB.

On Thursday, Sept. 21, Geo. McClellan, of Boggs township, was united in marriage to Miss Eva May Robb, of Spring township, the ceremony was performed by 'Squire Morris, of Milesburg. Mr. McClellan is an industrious, hard working young man; a chain maker by trade and bound to make a success in life. He is a good square republican. Miss Eva is a daughter of Geo. Robb, of Coleville, one of the most earnest and loyal republicans in Centre county. A man who would marry one of his daughters would have to be a loyal lover of his country and its flag. He is an old soldier and an earnest, patriotic devotee of the starry flag.

—We are sorry to learn of the serious illness of Capt Henry Stevens, of Half Moon, and his many friends throughout the country will learn with sorrow that he was stricken with paralysis last Sunday and lay for two days in an unconscious condition. At last accounts he was improving a little. We hope soon to hear of his complete recovery.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 62
Mixed wheat per bushel	60
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	48
Cloverseed, fair to good	8 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9 60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	50
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25